# The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

## THE COURT'S WAKE-UP CALL

So now you know. The Supreme Court will rule on Pennsylvania's restrictive abortion law in time for Election Day. Ironically, this announcement, which fast-tracks the inevitable gutting of *Roe v. Wade*, counts as a pro-choice victory: Abortion, the hope is, will be thrown into the political arena, where pro-choicers hold a three-to-one majority. Given the current makeup of the Court, pro-choice groups did well to force a showdown. Still, that strategy entails major risks.

It is fashionable in some policy quarters to deride *Roe* and to urge pro-choicers to trust the political process. But it is the Supreme Court, historically, that has been the last line of defense for hotly contested civil liberties. No one who cherishes a right would wish to see it voted up or down every four years, or worse, subjected to fifty annual recertifications by state pols elected for their views on taxes or highway repairs.

The political process won't take care of itself. The alarm clock should ring early this summer, but the Sleeping Giant of pro-choice voters had better wake up now. Today is the time to demonstrate, to donate, to lobby, to join the clinic defense lines and to swear a solemn oath to withhold votes from all politicians, no matter how lowly, no matter what their other virtues, who do not explicitly support abortion rights, including those of teenagers and poor women (Governor Clinton, are you listening?). It's probably asking too much to hope that Pennsylvania women, who face the degrading prospect of husband notification, with a year in jail for lying, will take a leaf from *Lysistrata* and go on a marriage strike. But why not informational pickets at city halls nationwide, letting brides know that their vows may shortly be "Love, honor and notify"?

The anti-choicers have been playing hardball for three administrations now. It's time for pro-choicers to take a turn at bat.


**NOTES FROM THE NORTH**
**Andrew Kopkind Alexander Cockburn**

**TOKYO SUMMIT**
**Karl Taro Greenfeld**

**SLAIN JESUITS**
**Martha Doggett**

**C.P.U.S.A. CRACKUP**
**Max Elbaum**

**EAST TIMOR**
**Arnold S. Kohen**

**BEAUTY AND THE BACKLASH**
**Gayle Greene**


NO QUICK FIXES

## AN ECONOMIC STRATEGY FOR PROGRESSIVES

SAMUEL BOWLES, DAVID M. GORDON AND THOMAS E. WEISSKOPF

What a difference a year makes. In winter 1991 George Bush's popularity soared as "smart bombs" blew away Iraq. While yellow ribbons decorated American porches, Republican strategists gleefully targeted those traitorous Democrats who had the nerve to oppose the war's authorization. The President's re-election was a sure thing.

Now, in winter 1992, Democratic strategists gleefully target the President. The sweet smell of military success has given way to the stench of recession. Pink slips have replaced yellow ribbons. In a recent *New York Times*/CBS News poll, 81 percent of those polled rated the "condition of the economy" as "very bad" or "fairly bad."

The Republicans suddenly look very vulnerable indeed. Finally forced to offer a token economic package in his new budget and in his State of the Union Message, Bush sounds more and more desperate every day. "I think I've known," he said with customary eloquence on the campaign trail in New Hampshire, "look, this economy is in free fall. I hope I've known it. Maybe I haven't conveyed it as well as I should have, but I do understand it." The situation couldn't be riper for a Democratic resurgence.

This sudden shifting of the tide provides a promising opportunity for progressives as well, a chance to put on the table a whole set of issues we have long considered essential. Before we join in the triumphal Democratic march, however, we need to beware of several potential dangers in the current conjuncture.


*(Continued on Page 163)*



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# LETTERS.

### 'MISSED ONE'

*Elgin, Tex.*
I'm a longtime admirer of Bwana Cockburn's perception and verve, but he missed one in his October 28 "Beat the Devil" when he said, "The C.I.A. was always ineffective in Soviet data-collection and analysis, since this sector remained firmly under the control of the military agencies. The C.I.A.'s purview has always been the Third World." This is far from accurate. In the 1940s and 1950s the C.I.A.'s predominant areas of operation were Europe, Middle Europe and the Soviet Union (remember Ukraine, Hungary, Italy, Greece, Radio Free Europe, General Penkovskiy, etc.?). In the 1950s the military lobbied vigorously for a massive bomber buildup on the basis of a mythical Soviet bomber gap. Eisenhower was able partially to resist because the C.I.A. was accurately reporting a more modest Soviet program. The U-2 was designed to cover broad, inaccessible reaches of the Soviet Union. In the 1960s and 1970s the C.I.A.'s primary HUMINT [Human Intelligence] requirement was the recruitment of penetration agents in the K.G.B. The Soviet Division was the most powerful C.I.A. office. *John Stockwell*

### COCKBURN REPLIES

*Los Angeles*
My purpose was to comment on Phillip Knightley's claim in the *London Review of Books* that James Angleton's paranoia consequent upon Kim Philby's role as a spy for the K.G.B. paralyzed the C.I.A.'s work throughout the 1960s and early 1970s. Knightley was seeing the C.I.A. entirely in terms of its intelligence gathering about the Soviet Union, and so I pointed out that the 1960s and early 1970s were by no means empty of achievement for the C.I.A. in the Third World. As regards the C.I.A. and the Soviet Union, my purpose was to point out that institutionally the C.I.A. was always the weak relation, in terms of bureaucratic clout, as against military agencies such as the National Security Agency.

It is true that the C.I.A.'s Soviet Division put a great deal of effort into human intelligence on the U.S.S.R., but it was never very successful, with rare exceptions such as Penkovskiy. The agency would of course have liked to be the most authoritative voice in Washington on Threat Estimation, since that was the driveshaft of funding and therefore power, but it did not succeed. The robustly superinflated estimates of the military always carried the day.

The Air Force lobbied for a buildup of U.S. bomber strength in the 1950s and got one. The C.I.A. argued for lower estimates of Soviet bomber production, but at the same time the agency signed on to inflated estimates of Soviet missile production, which Eisenhower belatedly used since these latter estimates, though vastly exaggerated, were not quite so lunatic as the military's. Eisenhower was trying to keep the fanatic missile gappers at bay. The gappers swarmed to Kennedy, who warmly embraced their fantasies in his 1960 campaign. When it was famously discovered that even the C.I.A.'s figures bore no relation to reality, Kennedy went ahead with his huge missile buildup anyway.

Stockwell cites (clandestine) C.I.A. operations in Europe, Ukraine, Italy, etc. to show that the C.I.A. was active in these important theaters. I think my point stands. In the antinomies I was stressing, at that time those countries *were* the Third World. Stockwell is a fine fellow, I should add, though I don't know why he calls me Bwana, since it was he who once tottered under the white man's burden in Angola. *Alexander Cockburn*

### DUKE OF THE NORTHLAND

*Ashland, Wis.*
David Corn's "Tangled Up in PACs" ["Beltway Bandits," Dec. 9] contains a slap at David Obey of Wisconsin for his alleged addiction to PAC money and his support for a $300,000 limit. I ran against Obey for the 100th Congress on the Labor-Farm Party ticket, but the real opposition in that and a subsequent race was Kevin Hermening, the blow-dried former Iran hostage who for a time was the darling of Wisconsin's Republican Party. Hermening is the upper Midwest's David Duke sans sheets and jackboots. He railed against Native American treaty rights, "welfare cheaters"—whom he said he had "witnessed" moving into the state to enjoy Wisconsin's generous (*sic*!) benefits—against unions, environmentalists and promoters of peace, and, finally, against Obey's ability to raise money. The first time around Hermening raised a bundle. The second time he was not so fortunate, probably because his handlers figured out that this ramrod Reaganite was too inexperienced and dense to handle the politically sophisticated incumbent.

Given the way the press in the 7th District dutifully hung on and reported every word Hermening blathered, I for one am relieved that there was no "level playing field," if indeed the ground was tilted in Obey's favor. In fact, Obey agreed to three public debates, and when some media producers and Hermening tried to have me excluded from them, Obey stated that he would not appear unless all candidates were present. That Obey benefited from my presence is undeniable, but it is equally undeniable that Hermening stood for some of the most backward and dangerous ideas that were given expression in the 1980s and would use any and all means to gain a seat in the House.

Corn's piece contains a kernel of truth—there is a good deal of PAC addiction in Congress—but it needs to be chewed a little more thoroughly before we swallow it. In Wisconsin there are some serious Neanderthals bent on turning the north country into a mini-South. Obey has been able to deflect this movement, though he has alienated a good many progressives in the process, who, sad to say, are also given to oversimplifications like Corn's.
*Joseph Damrell*

### CORN REPLIES

*Washington*
Some members of Congress are worth keeping in office, and perhaps Obey is one of this small group—but at the cost of perpetuating a system fueled by special-interest political contributions? A true reform of campaign finances, which would allow for more competition, would make it difficult for most members—right, left and center—to keep their seats. In theory, the result would be a Congress in which decisions are not influenced by those best able to fund candidates. Progressive legislators not able to convince voters of their value to the community would lose. Neanderthals still have the right to vote. We shouldn't keep a corrupt system because it includes a few bright spots. I'm old-fashioned and believe if you accept a gift you have a certain obligation toward the giver. Obey can decide for himself how much of a compromise it is to accept money from military contractors, the tobacco industry, big medicine, banks and corporate polluters in order to defeat a conservative darling. *David Corn*

### BACK TO THE FUTURE

*West Orange, N.J.*
It is most disturbing to note the date on your cover page. It is two weeks ahead of the publication date. To start off with a lie makes the contents of your magazine difficult to believe. Other weeklies, whose contents are indeed difficult to believe, have a cover date that is one week ahead—bad, but not as bad as yours. Most European weeklies have a cover date that equals or approximates the date of publication. You are advised to "get real."
*Felix G. Arnstein*

*At the earnest request of our distributors, we predate the magazine two weeks to prolong its shelf life so that it doesn't seem out of date by the time it appears on West Coast newsstands. The actual date the magazine goes to press can be found on the last line of the masthead.* *—The Editors*

### CORRECTION

The co-sponsor of the January 14 forum with Jerry Brown at The New School, referred to in "To Boldly Go" [Feb. 3], was The Nation Institute, a nonprofit organization that sponsors public forums, the *Nation* intern program, Supreme Court Watch and investigative journalism.

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# CONTENTS.

Volume 254, Number 5

LETTERS
146

EDITORIALS
145 The Court's Wake-Up Call
147 Notes Up North — *Andrew Kopkind and Alexander Cockburn*
149 Coup in Algeria — *Daniel Singer*
150 Emperor Clothed — *Garrett Epps*

COLUMNS
150 George Bush at the Martin Luther King Jr. Center For Nonviolent Social Change, January 17, 1992 — *Calvin Trillin*
151 Beat the Devil — *Alexander Cockburn*

ARTICLES
145 No Quick Fixes: An Economic Strategy For Progressives — *Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf*
153 Bush's Missed Photo-Op: The Tokyo Summit That Wasn't — *Karl Taro Greenfeld*
156 El Salvador's Jesuit Murders: Justice Is Still Undone — *Martha Doggett*
158 C.P.U.S.A. Convention: De-Stalinizing the Old Guard — *Max Elbaum*
162 Massacre on Prime Time: Making an Issue of East Timor — *Arnold S. Kohen*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
166 Faludi: Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women
Wolf: The Beauty Myth: How Images of Beauty Are Used Against Women — *Gayle Greene*
170 Sader and Silverstein: Without Fear of Being Happy: Lula, the Workers Party and Brazil — *James North*
172 White (poem) — *Arthur Gregor*
172 Art — *Arthur C. Danto*
174 School-yard (poem) — *Cathleen Calbert*
175 The Balloons (poem) — *Deborah Tall*

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# EDITORIALS.

## Notes Up North

*As the New Hampshire primary heats up, we forgo our usual editorial commentary in order to present a report from our intrepid colleagues Andrew Kopkind and Alexander Cockburn, who have been tracking the candidates in the frozen North, through New Hampshire and Vermont, and other states of mind.*

*Northern New England*

The big freeze of the winter settled on the land the day of the Democratic candidates' debate in New Hampshire, but it was nothing compared with the glaciation that has paralyzed political discourse among the major players. To follow Clinton, Kerrey, Harkin and Tsongas around is to see the consequences of decades of deceptive and self-deceiving political rhetoric. From such lips even the sensible sounds specious. There are exceptions: Jerry

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Brown's doomed dreamquest, Ralph Nader's "none of the above" anticandidacy, Larry Agran's cries in the wilderness and, perhaps most significant of all, the slow but widespread accretion of interest in a progressive alternative to an obviously regressive Democratic Party. But thus far, unorthodoxy has achieved little more than a timid pop at the fortress of business-as-usual.

Nader and Brown, in their distinctive and complementary ways, ably catalogue the corruptions of the corporate and political culture. No one can describe better than Nader the circuits of power and profit between board room and Congressional chamber. Brown's genius is to express the effects of that system on public life. But Brown scarcely pretends to be an actual candidate, and Nader does not satisfactorily explain what he wants his eager audiences to do other than write in his name.

Tom Harkin, who is staking a claim to bear the progressive standard, won the debate by waiting until the tail end of the two-hour snooze to bash Bill Clinton's record as Governor of Arkansas. Seeking to capitalize on this advantage, Harkin the next day summoned the media to a windblown venue outside a shuttered furniture store on Manchester's main drag to receive his "Blueprint to Rebuild America." To some extent this thirty-five-page recipe for recovery represents an effort to come to terms with reality. Where once would have blared forth a mainstream Democrat's cold war pledges are now deployed programs for peacetime conversion, public spending on infrastructure and so forth.

But the economics are facile and the populism maimed by cowardice. Those selling the peace dividend must be honest. For every military program shifted to investment in infrastructure, there is an out-of-work aerospace engineer in Redondo Beach as well as a contented contractor repairing bridges along the interstate. Are we to add to the peace dividend account the 10,000 U.S. workers (6,400 of them in Connecticut) scheduled for layoffs by United Technologies—and the many thousands more who will be idled by the subsequent decline of the local economy? What enterprises do the new populists propose to develop to give them jobs? Without acknowledging a job loss as well as a gain, the mathematics of the peace dividend will never make sense.

The speeches of Harkin and his fellows are replete with invective against the sins of the Roaring Eighties, but in all the stump oratory it was hard to hear the name of Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Federal Reserve, who soon faces hearings pending reappointment to a second term. A decade ago an assault on Paul Volcker, Greenspan's predecessor and architect of the Reagan recession of 1982, was de rigueur for any progressive politician on the hustings. If ever there was a campaign in which a populist could thunder against finance capital and the role of the Fed, this is it. Soon the banking regulators will come to Congress asking for more money to bail out the F.D.I.C. Harkin should be describing in detail the guarantees he proposes to extract from Greenspan for low long-term interest rates past the elections in November, for the democratization of the Fed and for a truly populist economic recovery, with public accountability for public spending.

In the lunchtime warmth of Pappy's Pizza on the upscale side of town, Harkin turned aside questions about the specifics of his proposals for health care, clearly the defining issue of the year. Here Harkin is even vaguer than Clinton. And the reason is apparent: the great insurance companies of Iowa, which have been so supportive of his political campaigns. Harkin says only that he would "guarantee every American affordable quality health care." He will not sign off on the single-payer national health system proposed by the more progressive actors in the arena, nor will he align himself with the modest "pay or play" bill bruited about by leftover Dukakoids and certain Democratic leaders in Congress. Harkin's scared silence on health—so striking against the bravado he brings to other subjects—should warn of other evasions to come.

Bob Kerrey's economic programs are as skimpy as the cocktail napkins on which they appear to have been drafted. The Nebraska Senator had a good launch in the media, lofted by his war heroics, Medal of Honor and affair with Debra Winger. He also has a solid credential for support. His "Health USA" plan, an almost-right single-payer system that throws a few too many crumbs at private insurers, is far and away the best that any candidate has offered. If ever enacted, it would dramatically change America in ways that no federal social services program has done since the introduction of Social Security.

But this health plan has no relation to any overall economic analysis or strategy. Kerrey follows the exposition of his health plan with puerile promises to make "a substantial down payment" on the federal deficit in 1993, a sure-fire prescription for continuing recession. Voters seem to sense the lack of seriousness. Expected Kerrey booms do not materialize. His self-presentation is awkward, and his house-party appearances are wan. Kerrey's audiences—the young, married, white liberal upbeats who will probably nominate the Democratic candidate—are practically indistinguishable from Clinton's, with one crucial exception: They have heard the knock of his-

## ABOUT THAT AD . . .

A classified ad in this week's issue raises again the vexing question of editorial censorship of advertising copy. The director of an outfit called Positive Realism suggests readers call for information on how homosexuals or bisexuals can become heterosexual. "IT CAN BE DONE," the copy asserts.

That assertion flies in the face of most expert opinion on sexual preference, and its political message—that homosexuality is a disease, something to be cured or changed for reasons of social privilege—is offensive to members of *The Nation*'s staff, and no doubt to many readers. Frankly, we worry that printing more ads with a similar message would change the nature of the magazine and undermine the broad cultural values our editorial policy seeks to advance. But although we suspect the ad is borderline deceptive, it does not seem fraudulent to us in a legal sense, and we have chosen to publish it. Bad politics and wrong ideas are best challenged by good politics and ideas, not censorship.

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tory, and like others before them they opened the wrong door. In 1952 it was for Estes Kefauver; in 1960, for Hubert Humphrey; in 1976, for Mo Udall; in 1988, for Bruce Babbitt.

Bill Clinton's people, on the other hand, are the ones who always open the right door. They sense a Kennedy or a Carter in the making, with all that implies. Not competence, not ideology, not new ideas—only electability. The sex stories told about Clinton in the tabloids have not noticeably diminished his appeal; he's far ahead of Paul Tsongas (a semi-local semi-hero) and even farther ahead of Kerrey, in a race in which there are more undecideds than solid supporters. But he continues to skirt every issue except his own winnability.

Winning may be the only thing, but timing is everything. This may be the year to start organizing for campaigns far ahead. That was the feeling on the night before the debate in Manchester, when some 800 Vermonters arrived at the Sheraton Hotel in South Burlington for the largest gathering of progressives since Emma Goldman came to speak. The occasion was both advertisement and development, a display of strength, an assessment of possibilities and a study of the strategies for the establishment of a new political party in the state. Nader as well as Vermont's socialist Congressman Bernie Sanders held forth, along with Canada's New Democratic Party president Nancy Riche and a top-level delegation from the party, the social democratic, labor-based organization that now holds power in three provinces and one territory.

A third party is a logical answer to Nader's none-of-the-above. But in America such groupings usually consign themselves to the margins of the system, and after brief flares they are seen no more. The party proposed in Burlington, if it comes into existence in a year or two, could be a genuine displacement of the local Democratic Party and a contender for political dominance in Vermont. In its ranks are already the Congressman, the mayor of the state's largest city, a near majority of that city's council, two influential state legislators, many local officials across the state and, most important of all, a solid base among working people and farmers. The march has so far taken a little more than two decades. But the energy is building, and the example is there for other states to emulate.

ANDREW KOPKIND AND ALEXANDER COCKBURN

# Coup in Algeria

With the Islamic Salvation Front (F.I.S.) poised for electoral victory and eager to establish its oppressive order, there was no good solution in Algeria. But the government may well have chosen the worst one—a military coup with the thinnest of disguises. The old parliamentary assembly was disbanded and President Chadli Benjedid, who favored compromising with the F.I.S., was forced to resign. Parliamentary and presidential elections were put off until the beginning of 1994. Until then presidential powers will be exercised by a five-man High State Council, set up after three days of confusion. It is headed by 74-year-old Mohammad Boudiafe, one of the leaders of the 1962 revolution, but its strongman is 54-year-old Gen. Khalid Nizar, the Minister of Defense. The government of Sid Ahmed Ghozali will remain in power but the army will rule. The incensed Islamicists, deprived of their prize, called on the people to rise against "the clique of foreign agents that has usurped power," but they have not issued any specific orders. The army is waiting for a pretext to declare a state of siege and it has begun a crackdown, arresting an F.I.S. leader and banning political activities in mosques.

The government feared that in a second ballot, for 199 undecided seats, the better-organized F.I.S. would win enough to gain the two-thirds majority required for constitutional change and would thus be able to proclaim an Islamic Republic [see "Islamic Clout," January 27]. Many Algerians favor doing anything to avoid that fate. They argue that the F.I.S., with less than 20 percent of registered voters, cannot claim a mandate to destroy secular institutions, send all women back to the kitchen and the country into the Dark Ages. To suggestions that force should be used only if the F.I.S. breaks the law, they reply that once the Islamicists get their hands on the instruments of state power, the future can only be Iranian.

There are counter-arguments, of course: You cannot interrupt the democratic process whenever you dislike the verdict of the people; you cannot claim that the Islamicists are unable to solve the real problems of society if you prevent them from governing. The present action adds the halo of martyrdom to their unearned reputation as potential saviors. The key question is, What policy is more likely to deprive the F.I.S. of its popular support? A mass demonstration, staged in Algiers on January 1 under the sponsorship of the Front for Socialist Forces, showed both the way and its difficulties. It was good to see 300,000 people, including so many women, taking to the streets. But the poor districts of Algiers, like Bab el Oued, were underrepresented. The "bearded ones," as the F.I.S. militants are called, may send shivers down your spine, but the grievances of their supporters are genuine.

The National Liberation Front led the Algerian people in their struggle against French colonialism, then deprived them of their voice by monopolizing power for thirty years. The result was political sclerosis, nepotism and corruption. The social injustices had been aggravated in recent years by the regime's wholesale conversion to "free enterprise." In a country whose population has tripled since independence, the number of the downtrodden, outcasts and outsiders has grown, and they have proved a natural prey for the F.I.S.

It is idle to expect the high council, backed by the army and eyeing the International Monetary Fund, to tackle seriously the problems of the exploited. The best that can be hoped for is that mutual fears of civil war will dictate moderation to both the army and the Islamicists, giving time for dispersed movements to merge into a progressive force, which will appear on the stage as a third and crucial actor in this drama. If not, Algeria may well get the worst of both worlds: army dictatorship, then the tyranny of fundamentalism.

DANIEL SINGER

*Daniel Singer is* The Nation's *Europe correspondent.*

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# Emperor Clothed

*Some readers may not be aware that* The Washington Post *recently ran a seven-part series on Dan Quayle by Bob Woodward of Watergate exposé fame and columnist David Broder that was perceived by some within the Beltway as a timely enhancement of the Vice President's stature just when President Bush was blowing his lunch in Tokyo. Now read on.*
*—The Editors*

We all know the story of the emperor who bought new clothes from a pair of traveling tailors—clothes so marvelous that only the good and wise could see them. And we have heard about the little boy who set off a round of public ridicule by shouting, "The emperor doesn't have any clothes on!" However, newly discovered historical documents reveal what happened afterward, both to the unfortunate monarch and to the brave little boy.

Curiously enough, the emperor did not resign, or even buy new clothes. Instead, he hired new advisers to help explain the beauty of his clothes to the public. A few years passed, and the people got used to the spectacle of their emperor parading the streets naked. At first, some people laughed as he went by; but their numbers grew fewer and fewer each year, and eventually those who laughed began to feel strangely shamefaced and old-fashioned. After all, they did not like to dwell on the thought that their ruler walked around without his clothes on.

As for the little boy, he quite naturally grew up to be a well-known and respected journalist, famous for his exposés of everyone from mighty judges and generals to famous actors. Some people feared him, and some didn't trust him, but everyone agreed he was the greatest reporter of his day. And so one day his editors suggested it was time for him to take another look at the emperor's clothes.

By now, the little boy was a professional. He knew that when a "fresh look" is the assignment, you don't make page one with a story that begins, "The emperor is still naked." So he took another angle: He got exclusive interviews with the emperor and his wife. The royal couple explained that the laughter in the streets on the day the new clothes were unveiled was because of poor preparation by the old advisers. The little boy was not to blame for laughing; the old advisers had not briefed him, had not explained about the clothes, had not prepared him for the sight of the new imperial outfit. The laughter of the crowd was a sad case of "attack journalism," of the "feeding frenzy" mentality unfortunately so common in the capital in those far-off days.

The little boy's investigation was thorough and hard-hitting. He interviewed critics who said the emperor's new clothes did not really fit him all that well, and others who said the emperor had paid too much for them, and some who said the decision to buy them reflected a flawed staff process, a few who said that special-interest groups had undue influence over the cut and color of the new clothes, and even one or two who said the emperor spent more time and money on the new clothes than he should, when the kingdom was facing serious domestic and foreign problems.

To be fair, the little boy again interviewed the emperor and his wife, who said that the clothes did fit, that they had been a bargain, that the emperor cared deeply about the problems of his kingdom and that he wore his new clothes in order to help solve them more effectively. The old problems had been dealt with; new clothes-buying procedures were in effect; new advisers were in place; there was, in fact, a "new" emperor, who had learned from his mistakes and was readier than ever for leadership and power.

After such a thorough investigation, there was no need even to go into the tired old charges that the clothes did not exist at all. The people who made those claims had no access to the palace; and, after all, the whole controversy was yesterday's news.

The result ran in the capital's best newspaper: "The Emperor's Wardrobe: Couture or Calamity? *A Seven-Part Series.*" The series explained that the emperor had an image problem caused by shoddy reporting, poor spin control and bad advisers. The unfortunate flap over new clothes had obscured the emperor's substantive accomplishments and diverted attention from his domestic agenda. The series was the talk of the town. Everyone (particularly the emperor and his wife) agreed that the little boy had been tough but evenhanded. The emperor's approval rating soared; the little boy was more respected than ever, with ready access to the palace and a regular spot on the Sunday morning talk shows; and the people watched admiringly as their monarch paraded through the streets, dressed as before.

Whatever people privately thought of the emperor's new clothes, everyone agreed they looked much better with a coat of whitewash.

GARRETT EPPS

*Garrett Epps, a former journalist and the author of* The Floating Island: A Tale of Washington, *graduated from Duke Law School this past May.*

★

## George Bush At The Martin Luther King Jr. Center For Nonviolent Social Change, January 17, 1992

*A splendid service held for King.*
*So nice of Bush to undertake it.*
*A pity, everybody said,*
*That Willie Horton couldn't make it.*

*Calvin Trillin*

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# BEAT THE DEVIL.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

## Sex, Clinton and *Contras*

*Manchester, New Hampshire*

Having read so much about recession-torn New Hampshire, I half expected, at the border crossing from Vermont near Lebanon, to encounter scenes reminiscent of the *ci-devant* Soviet Union: throngs clamoring for bread, Jeffrey Sachs handing out pamphlets about the joys of a cauterizing plunge into the free market, whiskered peasants lofting icons of George III. All seemed placid. Hard times in the countryside exact a covert toll, mostly in the form of alcoholism, wife beating, child abuse and other versions of the pastoral condition. The most of sociological interest to be espied from Route 4 were hunter-gatherers ice-fishing in their little shelters on the frozen lakes.

Our objective was an Arkansas pig roast for Bill Clinton, organized by a couple who had moved to Meredith, an hour or so north along Interstate 93 from Manchester. Reporters and locals were mustered in force, swaddled in goose down against the savage cold. A charred pig revolved slowly on a spit. Mary McGrory was interrogating one couple about the stories of Clinton's expansive sex life. They said it didn't bother them. What about Gary Hart? That hadn't bothered them either. I asked them about J.F.K. What about a President sharing his mistress with a Mafia chieftain? They said that was probaby a bit much.

Clinton and his wife, Hillary, arrived. He looks like a big frat kid, with a meaty face, poised on the verge of midlife bloat. Hillary is trim and very self-assured. The night before, in Bedford, New Hampshire, she'd been asked in a public meeting whether she thought a candidate's personal life was fair game. "We've been hit with all kinds of accusations," she answered. "The kind of accusations that are in the tabloids next to the people with cowheads and the like. In any marriage there are issues that come up between two people . . . that, I think, are their business." Then the payoff. If anything about marriage is important to the people of New Hampshire, she said, "it's whether or not they'll have the chance to keep their own families together." Prolonged and stormy ovation.

At the pig roast journalists were still wagging their heads appreciatively at her performance. It has to be said all the same that people will always cheer someone stomping the gutter press for unwarranted intrusion, even if it's the Marquis de Sade, a protective arm wrapped around Justine, beefing about the slanders and low talk put about by his enemies. In the living room of the Arkansas exiles Clinton was in the eighth minute of explication of his program to put America back to work, pouring words into the face of a young man whose eyes were rapidly glazing over under this torrent of mostly absurd economic prescription.

Journalists love Clinton. In a typical passage in the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Shogan recently hailed his "serious and well-documented problem-solving approach to national issues rather than dependence on traditional liberal formulas expressed in impassioned rhetoric and based on sweeping federal programs." Item One on Clinton's proposed economic agenda is that emblem of the nontraditional, anti-porkbarrel way of thought: road building. More or less everything else turns to mush at the first encounter with reality. What with his pledges to garner millions by hacking away at the federal bureaucracy, Clinton is highly reminiscent of Jimmy Carter. Remember zero-base budgeting?

Actually Clinton hasn't got an economic program; rather, rhetorical bric-a-brac courtesy of Robert Reich, Derek Shearer, Bob Kuttner and other up-thrusters last seen in Atlanta licking their lips at the prospect of traveling to Washington in the Duke's caravansary. Clinton has plenty of fine words about training, education and so forth. He says nothing about what those nicely equipped Americans will do once they leave the classroom and the training shop. The high-tech jobs supposedly the preserve of First World workers brimful of costly instruction might be done just as well and far more cheaply by Third Worlders, as Harley Shaiken showed in his study of vocationally trained Mexican auto workers. The reality of Clinton's "good job" is some underpaid, nonunion checkout clerk in a Wal-Mart in Arkansas, burdened by a regressive sales tax and getting slowly poisoned to death by the toxins and kindred hazards of a state ranked by the Institute for Southern Studies as forty-eighth in environmental practice.

Clinton stopped pouring words into the face of the young man and came out with Hillary to stand in front of the pig. It was as well he didn't try to eat some of it for the benefit of the photographers. The cold had kept it raw, though George Bush would have loved the blackened rind. Saved from trichinosis, we all headed down to Manchester.

## Promises to Kill

What journalists basically mean when they write about Clinton's pragmatic "problem-solving approach" is that he's prepared to execute criminals. This is the touchstone of pragmatism. That night, herded into a chill chamber in what was formerly a dark satanic mill weaving textiles and is now the home of WMUR-TV weaving lies, the press was able to view on an immense screen the second campaign debate among all the Democratic candidates, the agenda of their conversation set by Cokie Roberts of NPR and ABC.

Four years ago Bernard Shaw of CNN helped floor the Duke's candidacy with his famous question about the putative rape of Kitty. This time around Roberts had a follow-up. Recently in New York, she said, a man had abducted a 9-year-old and raped him. The man turned out to be a paroled child-molester, testing HIV-positive. Would the candidates have paroled that man? I saw Roberts the next day in Pappy's Pizza, and as we watched Tom Harkin expound to a nervous young woman and two television cameras his scheme to put America back to work, I asked her whether in retrospect she thought that question had been a particularly useful way of setting the agenda for a discussion of crime. She gave my scarf an affronted little twitch and said that maybe next time I should ask the questions. She'd put it like that, she said, because Democrats were always being beaten up by Republicans for being soft on crime and, yes, she had been surprised when the candidates in the studio of WMUR-TV

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had assured her that they would not have paroled the man.

Who did she think she had sitting in the studio, the divine Marquis? ("But of course, *naturellement* I would have paroled him, Cokee . . .") To his credit Jerry Brown was the only one in the room to refuse the terms of the question, and the only one to say that it was this style of panel rabble-rousing that had led to hysteria, erosion of civil liberties and the other consequences of Hortonism. Moments later Paul Tsongas was declaring his support for the execution of drug lords, Kerrey endorsing the death penalty, Clinton boasting of his execution of multiple killers and Tom Harkin, the self-declared old-time Democrat, shouting for more money for the Coast Guard and pledging to stop by all means possible those drug-exporting nations. Goodbye Colombia, goodbye Peru. Hang around a Democrat long enough and he'll promise to invade someone.

The problem with Roberts's question was that it wasn't a question at all, but an answer demanding agreement. Would it have been so hard for her to have asked, "In election after election Republicans have charged that Democrats are soft on crime, pander to criminals, are card-carrying members of the A.C.L.U. and parolers of murderers. How would each of you answer similar charges this year?" It's not so flashy, but she might have got something better than knee-jerk affirmatives.

## Say It With Flowers

The allegations about Bill Clinton's sex life (for which *The Star* did get some corroborative testimony) were first presented in a lawsuit by Larry Nichols, fired by Clinton from his job as marketing director of the Arkansas Development Finance Authority (ADFA). Clinton claims that Nichols was axed for making 700 unauthorized phone calls to *contras* in Central America and that the lawsuit is part of a Republican frame-up. The sequence is more complicated, stemming from the state's role, and specifically that of an airport at Mena in western Arkansas, in the training and supply of *contras*; also the arms-for-drugs flow between the United States and Central America.

Barry Seal, a drug-smuggler-turned-government-informer—later gunned down in Baton Rouge by a Colombian hit team—based his operations in Mena for a while, and for years investigators from the I.R.S. and the Arkansas State Police probed money laundering, drug smuggling and weapons shipments arising from Mena's exotic position in international trade flows. Frustrated by the lack of progress in these investigations Charles Black, a prosecutor in Polk County (where Mena is located), delivered in person a letter to Governor Clinton urging him to provide funds for a continuing probe and stating that he feared a federal cover-up. Black has said that Clinton never got back to him.

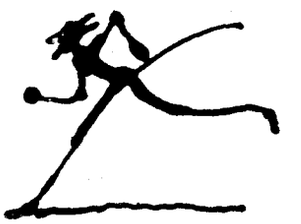
In the mid-1980s Terry Reed, a pilot friend of Barry Seal previously involved in the training of *contra* pilots at an airstrip just north of Mena, was—so he has asserted in court papers—directed by Oliver North to set up an arms smuggling entrepôt for the *contras* in Guadalajara, Mexico. Reed claims that in Guadalajara, working with Felix Rodriguez (indicted C.I.A. agent and Bush crony), he discovered he was in the midst of a cocaine smuggling operation. He confronted Rodriguez and said he wanted out of the operation. He returned to Little Rock and there—so he states in the court papers filed in that city—found he was being framed for plane theft by Raymond (Buddy) Young, a member of the Arkansas State Police, chief of Clinton's security, and by Tommy Baker, formerly of the Arkansas State Police. Reed says the frame-up by Clinton's security chief came immediately in the wake of his confrontation with Rodriguez. (The case against Reed was ultimately dropped.)

Clinton, it should be remembered, was happy to have the Arkansas National Guard deployed in Honduras for training, an initiative that was brandished by the Reagan Administration as an encouraging contrast to Michael Dukakis's shameful refusal to have the Massachusetts National Guard thus exported. It is a matter of record that early in 1988 the Governor was happy to issue Arkansas "Traveller" citations—a fairly routine honorific—to three of the most notorious figures in the *contra* nexus: Adolfo and Mario Calero and Gen. John Singlaub. The man fixing up these awards with Clinton—his name appears on the relevant forms—was Larry Nichols, who is now suing Clinton for defamation of character in the ADFA dismissal suit.

Nichols's version of events is as follows: Long active in *contra* circles, he had done a stint in Honduras, gathering data on *contra* military potential, which he remitted to Washington as part of the propaganda package designed to persuade Congress to renew military aid. Then, returning to his home state of Arkansas, Nichols contacted his old acquaintance Governor Clinton and asked for a job. Clinton installed him at ADFA, where he worked for part of 1988. Nichols says he'd had little experience in this field. It seems that ADFA, which Clinton set up, has been one of the Governor's personal fiefdoms. Discovering that this *contra* veteran was working in ADFA, a reporter queried Clinton about the appointment. Nichols was promptly fired, charged with making the calls to Central America. Nichols denies this and says his calls were to Washington, drumming up business for Arkansas through old Congressional contacts from his *contra* days.

A student organization at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, which has long been investigating the Mena affair, has successfully requested, under state F.O.I.A. laws, Nichols's phone toll records from ADFA. Mark Swaney, a member of this organization, says there are no calls to Central America on the tolls during the relevant period.

After what he regards as his unjustified dismissal, Nichols vowed retribution and—so it seems from the allegations about Clinton's sex life and dealings contained in the lawsuit—has extensive knowledge of Clinton's life and the intermeshing of the Governor's personal and political concerns in ADFA and the ADFA budget. This sort of intermeshing could cause Clinton problems. *The Star* fairly convincingly established that Gennifer Flowers had an affair with Clinton. She is now on the state payroll. Did Clinton get her the job? If there is a likelihood that he did, then newspapers skirting the sex allegations will jump in hard and he could be done for. Maybe Jerry Brown will get the nomination after all.



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# ARTICLES.

BUSH'S MISSED PHOTO-OP

# The Tokyo Summit That Wasn't

KARL TARO GREENFELD

*Tokyo*

"Selling Buicks" was a 1980s collegiate euphemism for vomiting. According to the editorial pages of *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*, "selling Buicks," literally and euphemistically, is what George Bush's recent visit to Japan amounted to. "Personal diplomacy is one of George Bush's great strengths as President," the *Times* said. "Car salesmanship obviously is not. His three-and-a-half-day visit to Japan, interrupted by a frightening bout of stomach flu, was a fiasco."

What hasn't been reported about the visit is that Bush's fiasco was indirectly caused by bitter factional infighting within Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party. In the months leading up to the President's summit with Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa, Shin Kanemaru, the 77-year-old L.D.P. strongman, had fought and won a battle for supremacy in the party by withholding his support for Miyazawa's Peace-Keeping Operations bill. If Miyazawa had had Kanemaru's support, Bush's visit would probably have been less embarrassing. Passage of the bill could have helped shift the focus of the trip from economics to Bush's supposed strong suits: personal diplomacy and statesmanship.

To understand this requires some background in the intricate Noh play of Japanese politics. Miyazawa was formally elected Prime Minister this past October 27. The selection of a Japanese prime minister is a lesson in backroom politics. There are about twenty people whose opinions matter. Standard operating procedure calls for the L.D.P.'s senior members of Parliament to reach a consensus on who should be head of state. Kanemaru, who speaks for the faction founded by former prime minister Noboru Takeshita, has the most influence and usually can place his man in power. (Outgoing prime minister Toshiki Kaifu, who was a member of a minor faction, had come to power two years ago on the heels of the Recruit Cosmos stocks-for-influence scandal. At the time, the Takeshita faction was in retreat and had trouble fielding a credible candidate who wasn't tainted by the scandal.)

In this year's "election," the leaders of the Takeshita faction—Kanemaru, Takeshita and former L.D.P. secretary general Ichiro Ozawa—handed down their consensus decision for Miyazawa and the rest of the party fell in line. Conflicts within the party were resolved by offering those powerful enough to oppose the choice a Cabinet post or high party position. Michio Watanabe, a candidate who could have created a costly row within the party, was appeased by being given the Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister portfolios. The actual vote by L.D.P. Parliament members was therefore a formality.

Miyazawa heads the second-largest L.D.P. faction. He was selected, according to Kanemaru, "because public opinion wanted it." Considering that public opinion had hardly mattered when Kanemaru demanded that Kaifu resign (because he was fed up with Kaifu's attempts at electoral reform and threats to dissolve the Parliament and call general elections), his sudden solicitude for *vox populi* smacked of hypocrisy. Had anyone cared to ask the Japanese public, it would probably have preferred to stick with Kaifu. But Japanese voters have very little say in this "democracy." Kaifu, who was prime minister at the sufferance of Kanemaru, found himself in the paradoxical position of being unpopular with the political elite and popular with the people. In Japanese politics that means his position was untenable.

Kanemaru has long had his differences with Miyazawa. Miyazawa hails from a privileged family of politicians while Kanemaru's father was a construction worker. Miyazawa passes for slick in the L.D.P., which means he has never been indicted for accepting a bribe. (His personal secretary, however, was indicted in the Recruit Cosmos scandal.) And Kanemaru, the consummate smoke-filled-room guy, dislikes Miyazawa's more "populist" approach to politics. ("Populist" in the L.D.P. means being able to make speeches in public.) Miyazawa has also made several disparaging comments about Kanemaru "intentionally losing in mah-jongg to the Socialists" (translation: giving bribes to Socialists). And he further insulted Kanemaru last March by skipping Hisanori Isomura's announcement that he would be a candidate for the governorship of Tokyo. This provoked speculation that the party was split over Kanemaru's choice of governor.

Kanemaru would therefore have preferred the election of secretary general and faction-mate Ozawa. But when Ozawa made it clear he did not want the office, citing an ailing heart, Kanemaru was left with little choice but to support Miyazawa. Kanemaru's announcement of support was distinctly tepid: "I should not put my own feelings ahead of who would do the best job."

Once on the job, Miyazawa's first significant act of legislation was the Peace-Keeping Operations bill. The P.K.O. bill was pivotal to Japan taking on world-power status commensurate with its economic might. If passed, the bill would have amended the Japanese Constitution to allow Japan to send peacekeeping forces to United Nations–sanctioned wars. (Except for $9 billion in promised aid, Japanese involvement in the Gulf War was limited to a few stretcher teams and some minesweepers for the Persian Gulf cleanup.)

Bush's postponement of his visit to Japan last November, less than twenty-four hours after Miyazawa came to office, made it possible for the P.K.O. bill to be the crowning glory of the grand "Tokyo declaration on the U.S.-Japan global partnership" to be issued during the summit. Miyazawa saw a chance to make Bush's January visit a fabulous celebration

*Karl Taro Greenfeld writes frequently about Japan for* The Nation.

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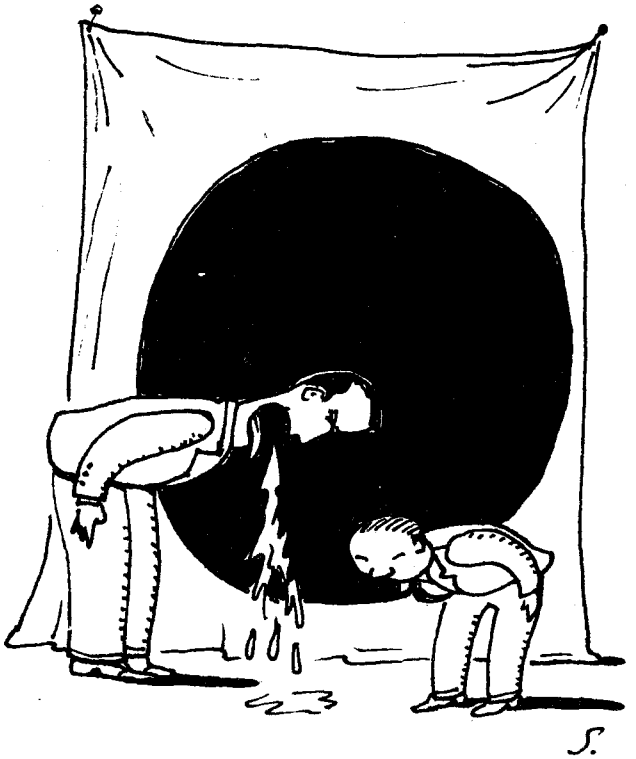
of the new Japanese-American world order; next time there was a war, Japan could participate as junior partner with the United States. This would have been a heady boost for Miyazawa: standing tall beside George Bush, commanders in chief of two mighty, legally deployable armies. And it would have added some diplomatic luster to Bush's trip.

Had the P.K.O. bill passed in early December, Bush might not have had to bring along the twenty-one overcompensated business executives on a job hunt. Certainly, the Tokyo declaration alone would have been worthy of a visit by an American President, even during an election year. A promise by Japan to increase its global commitment would have some impact on American voters' perceptions that Japan doesn't pull its own weight on defense. Such a promise could even be translated into "jobs, jobs, jobs," or at least money, money, money, by adding to the peace dividend. Economic negotiations could then have taken place out of the limelight, where it is possible that the "voluntary" procurement targets and auto-parts purchasing agreements would have been less embarrassing to Bush. Certainly they would have been less scrutinized.

But the P.K.O. bill, unlike the choice of prime minister, was an issue about which the Japanese people were emotional. Japan, for all its economic power, still can't stomach the fact that it has an army. It's not even called an army. It's the Self-Defense Forces, which is sort of like calling home-run king Cecil Fielder a defensive opportunity denial specialist—a comforting but meaningless circumlocution. Most Japanese are still convinced that the moment the government officially admits that the country has an army and is constitutionally permitted to deploy it, Japan would be on the march again, invading Malaysia and building factories to exploit cheap local labor—oh, wait, Japanese corporations already do that. Invading Canada, then, and turning that country into the world's first eighteen-million-hole golf course. During the Gulf War, less than 30 percent of the population favored sending troops to the region.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY J-C SUARÈS

To get the bill through Parliament despite widespread public opposition would have required a combination of Miyazawa's populist brand of politics and Kanemaru's connections. Kanemaru, by "losing at mah-jongg" not only to the Socialists but, at one time or another, to virtually every party in Parliament, was the only man who had the clout to get the controversial bill through the Upper House, where the L.D.P. does not have an absolute majority. (Kanemaru is also a very good friend of Democratic Socialist Party chairman Keigo Ouchi.) But Kanemaru, whose dislike of Miyazawa had never really abated despite his ostensible support, was reluctant to allow Miyazawa and his faction the kudos that would accompany passage of perhaps the most significant piece of Japanese legislation since World War II. It was factional politics as usual: To give Miyazawa a comeuppance, Kanemaru determined to kill the P.K.O. bill.

While Kanemaru's Takeshita faction went through the motions of publicly supporting the bill, Kanemaru tacitly withdrew his support by allowing his Democratic Socialist friends to oppose it. (The D.S.P.'s justification for opposing the bill had to do with who had the power to deploy troops, the prime minister or Parliament. In the reality of Japanese politics this dispute could have been settled by negotiation, and would have been if Kanemaru had given his nod.) Rather than face the humiliation of the bill dying on the Upper House floor, Miyazawa sent it back to committee for further study. This amounted to a vote of no-confidence for Miyazawa.

Kanemaru thus taught Miyazawa once and for all who really ran the show. He also made clear that he felt Miyazawa should serve only one term, thus clearing the way for another member of his own faction to become prime minister next time around. (Former prime minister Takeshita is another front-running contender. Kanemaru himself is in poor health and is happier playing the kingmaker role.) But in making Miyazawa a lame duck within two months of taking office, Kanemaru inadvertently insured that Bush's visit would be a disaster.

A toothless Tokyo declaration was issued January 9, with a hastily prepared, typo-laden afterthought titled "Auto and Auto Parts" taking center stage. Lost amid Lee Iacocca's hard-sell and George Bush's stomach flu was the idea that the trip could have been an opportunity to establish firmly what should be the central themes of relations between the world's two great economic powers: bilateral friendship and world security.

Kanemaru has since surprised many and accepted Miyazawa's offer to become vice president of the L.D.P. Apparently, since even members of Miyazawa's own faction were saying that Miyazawa may be out of office by the summer, Kanemaru felt it was safe to proclaim his faction's support for Miyazawa. Also, Kanemaru had to give the appearance of party unity before this summer's Upper House election. At any rate, speaking at a meeting of L.D.P. executive officers at the party's Tokyo headquarters, he intoned, "We must cooperate fully in backing the Miyazawa administration."

Shin Kanemaru can now be sure everyone knows where the

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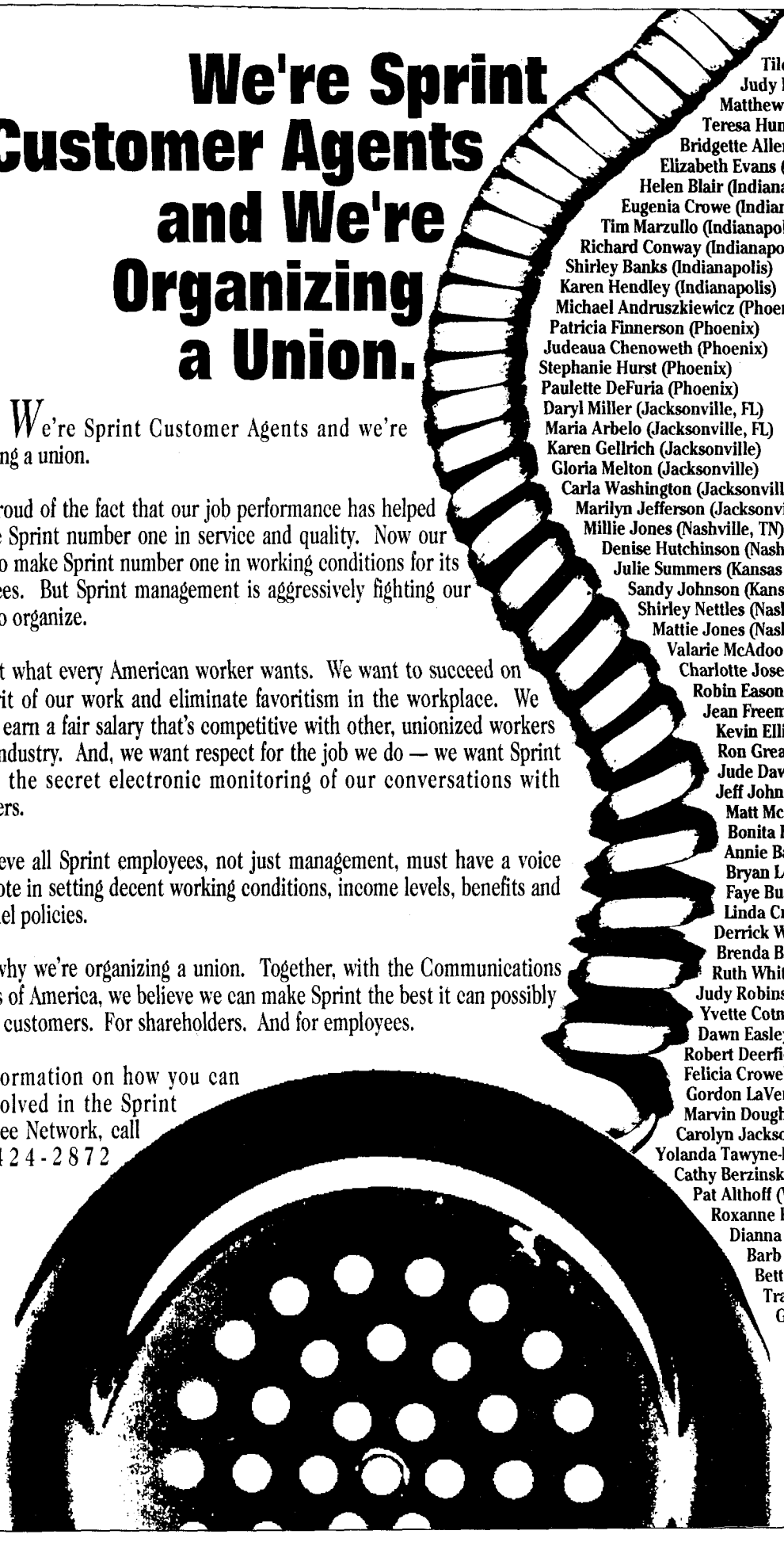

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real power lies in Japan. It was President Bush's misfortune that he had to stumble onto a Tokyo political turf war just as the smoke was clearing. Kanemaru, in steamrolling Miyazawa and inadvertently paving the way for Bush's global fiasco, had proved true the old adage, "*Seiji wa zembu chihuseiji.*" Or, as Tip O'Neill once expressed the same sentiment, "All politics is local." □

EL SALVADOR'S JESUIT MURDERS

# Justice Is Still Undone

MARTHA DOGGETT

The peace settlement for El Salvador, signed in New York City on New Year's Day, sidesteps the question of amnesty, leaving the contentious matter to a multiparty peace commission and ultimately to the Legislative Assembly. With the details of an amnesty still to be worked out, concerns persist that the Salvadoran government might attempt to pardon those convicted of the 1989 murders of six Jesuit priests, their cook and her daughter. In a much-criticized verdict last September, a jury found a colonel and a lieutenant guilty of the killings.

Following the verdict, *el caso Jesuita* seemed to be settling into the judicial limbo that characterizes so many human rights crimes in El Salvador. Then U.S. Congressman Joe Moakley resurrected the case. Last November 18, Moakley, a street-smart South Boston politico who heads a special Congressional task force on the case, released a six-page statement outlining information he had received from confidential sources. Moakley charged that top Salvadoran officers decided to kill the Jesuits and the women at a meeting on the afternoon of November 15, 1989; that night the murders were committed. He reported that those who attended the meeting at the Military Academy were Gen. René Emilio Ponce, then army Chief of Staff and now Defense Minister; Orlando Zepeda (then a colonel, now a general), Deputy Minister of Defense; Col. Francisco Elena Fuentes, commander of the infamous First Brigade; and Gen. Juan Rafael Bustillo, long rumored to be a collaborator with the Central Intelligence Agency. As Air Force chief, Bustillo allowed Ilopango airfield to be used as a transfer point for Nicaraguan *contra* supply flights. Entrusted with carrying out the plan was the director of the Military Academy, Col. Guillermo Alfredo Benavides.

Moakley said the idea to kill the Jesuits came from Bustillo, who abruptly and unexpectedly resigned his command just six weeks after the crime. The general now divides his time between San Salvador and his home in Miami, and is said to have set his sights on El Salvador's *Casa Presidencial.*

According to Moakley's statement, the reactions of the other officers at the meeting "ranged from support to reluctant acceptance to silence." Moakley also charged that Colonel Benavides, who was convicted on eight counts of murder last September, told officers at the academy on the murder night that he had "received the green light" to move against the Jesuits, just meters down the highway at the Central American University. The army's enmity for the Jesuits was nothing new. Fr. Ignacio Ellacuría, the brilliant Basque theologian and philosopher who was probably the killers' primary target, had narrowly escaped a military plot on his life in 1980.

Moakley's revelation of the afternoon meeting is one of several accounts of gatherings of top officers in the hours preceding the crime. Other versions place the meeting at Joint Command headquarters, where many officers had virtually taken up residence during the most threatening urban guerrilla offensive of the decade-long civil war. A May 1, 1990, communiqué issued by young army officers said two meetings at which the murders were plotted had been held on the afternoon of November 15, 1989, in the office of General Zepeda. The junior officers also gave credibility to the views of Col. Sigifredo Ochoa Pérez, a retired field commander who is now an influential member of the ruling ARENA party. Ochoa told *60 Minutes* in April 1990 that "Benavides obeyed; it wasn't his decision."

El Salvador's senior military officials reacted predictably to Moakley's allegations, declaring their innocence, demanding proof and decrying "politicization" of the case. General Bustillo called Moakley a closet leftist and "a politician without scruples or professional ethics who respects neither individuals nor institutions."

First Brigade commander Elena Fuentes, whose troops have one of the army's worst human rights records, said Moakley has a notoriously close relationship to the F.M.L.N., "to the point that there is a suspicious coincidence between the declarations of the terrorist leader Joaquín Villalobos and the honorable Mr. Moakley." (On the afternoon of the assassination, First Brigade sound trucks drove around San Salvador triumphantly announcing, "Ellacuría and Martín-Baró [a Jesuit psychologist who was among those murdered] have fallen. We are going to continue killing communists!") Bustillo and Elena Fuentes (who was reassigned in mid-January) said they were considering a slander suit against Moakley. For his part, General Ponce, sweating profusely and visibly shaken, held a press conference last November 19 with General Zepeda. They released an army communiqué saying, "It is totally illogical that persons who supposedly were inside the Military Academy on the afternoon of November 15 who are said to have verified that the meeting took place but who did not participate in the meeting could have knowledge of what the meeting was about and what was decided during the meeting." The wording is curious, especially in light of an exchange between General Ponce and a journalist at the press conference:

> **Q:** You also deny that [the meeting] took place at the Military Academy?
>
> **A:** I deny it categorically because I was not at the Military Academy. I was here at my command post at Joint Command headquarters.

*Martha Doggett coordinates the program on Latin America and the Caribbean at the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, which serves as legal counsel to the U.S. Jesuits in the case.*

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Who came and went from the Military Academy is difficult to establish with any certainty at this point because high-ranking officers ordered that the logbooks kept by sentries at the main gate be burned in late December 1989. Having destroyed the evidence, those named by Moakley are confident that he cannot produce the smoking gun they demand.

Even the government of President Alfredo Cristiani felt compelled to defend the army, placing a paid advertisement in the Salvadoran press. Without naming Moakley, the government criticized "persons or groups" who have the "evident goal of manipulating politically and attacking personalities of the Armed Forces and the institution itself. This has been done with absolute irresponsibility, with no foundation and based on purely partisan speculation."

Congressman Moakley's charges provoked new complaints about foreign intervention into the case. This theme was part of the defense's appeal to the jury at the trial of nine soldiers last September. Attorneys for the defense harped on foreign imperialism, telling the jury that the trial was being held only to please "*los cheles*," as Salvadorans refer to light-skinned people. "He who pays the mariachis chooses the tune," one defense attorney said repeatedly.

A defense attorney said that "today we will show that we have no yoke around our necks by acquitting these men." Another defense attorney told the jury, "We are going to work as Salvadorans and not capitulate to foreign pressure."

At no time did the defense attempt to paint an alternative scenario for what happened on the campus of Central American University the night of the murders. The crime itself was hardly touched on by the defense. Members of the jury heard no oral testimony or cross-examination, and for security reasons were blocked from seeing the defendants. After five hours of deliberation, they delivered their verdict. Five enlisted men and two lieutenants, all of whom had initially confessed their roles in the murders to the police, were acquitted. Colonel Benavides, who, according to the military's version of events, ordered the killings, was convicted on all eight counts of murder. His deputy at the Military Academy, Lieut. Yusshy René Mendoza Vallecillos, was convicted solely of the murder of 15-year-old Celina Mariceth Ramos.

The verdict, which stunned defense and prosecution alike, defied logic. No witnesses suggested that Benavides ever went to the murder site; Lieutenant Mendoza, by all accounts, did not fire his weapon. There is no more reason to link Mendoza to the killing of Celina Ramos than to any other murder. Celina died embracing her mother, Julia Ramos, the Jesuits' cook, with whom she shared a sofabed that night, so whoever killed Celina also killed her mother. Argentine attorney Eduardo Luis Duhalde, who observed the trial for the American Association of Jurists, called Mendoza's conviction "totally incomprehensible factually and legally."

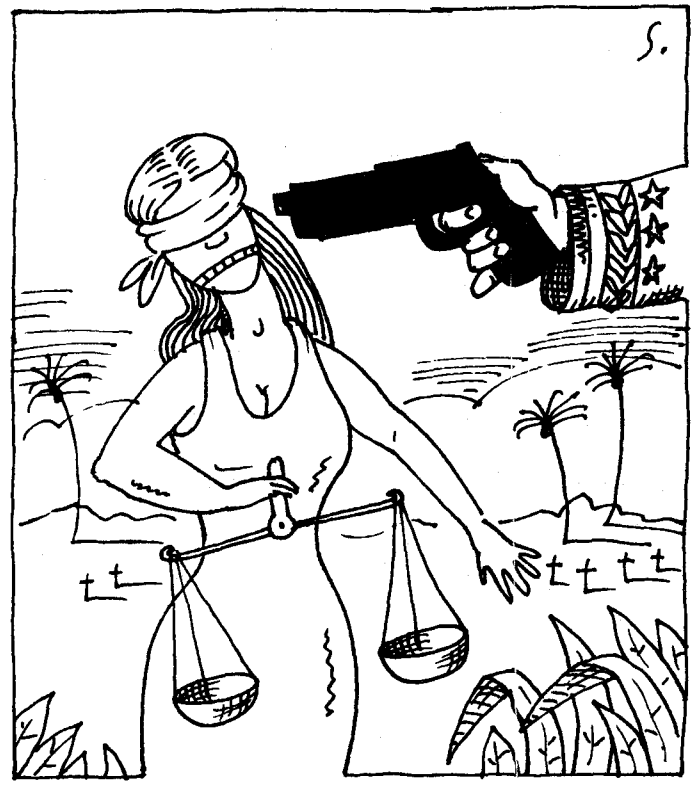
The jury's decision provoked speculation that it might have believed that the soldiers who originally confessed to committing the murders did so on the orders of their superiors and should not be held accountable, even though such a finding was in contravention of both Salvadoran law and the Nuremberg principles.

The illogical verdict inevitably led to speculation about jury tampering. A European law professor who observed the trial at his government's request said the most "credible hypothesis" concerning the verdict was that someone "influenced [the jury] in one form or another . . . to predetermine its decision. It is not easy to imagine that a [Salvadoran jury] would spontaneously come up with such a solution. . . . The verdict fulfills all the conditions of a political decision."

In a *Washington Post* Op-Ed article last October, Moakley said he could not "rule out the possibility that the military interfered with the outcome of the trial. The verdict is too inconsistent to be rationally explained and fuels suspicions that the jury may have been manipulated." In November, on the second anniversary of the killings, Central American University issued a statement saying that the jury's "strange" conclusion "leads us to consider that the verdict—like the entire judicial process—was the product of 'a deal.' " The communiqué continued, "This verdict was not the product of a judicial system which works, but something darker, more political, and not ruled by established institutional procedures."

"It was fixed," a retired Salvadoran politician told me in early December. "As an attorney I can tell you that it was fixed. It was a solution that was designed to do the least damage."

The verdict did have a certain utility from the military's point of view. The two convicted officers had been holding desk jobs at the Military Academy, without combat troops under them. Convicting them was less apt to stir up discontent among younger officers. The *tandona*, the clique that dominates the military today, knew it had to sacrifice something to keep the aid dollars flowing from Washington. Colonel Benavides, one of their own, who had already been kept under house arrest for nearly two years, surely understood that loyalty to his peers required that he serve as scapegoat



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for the grossest miscalculation the Salvadoran Armed Forces has ever made.

That the convictions did not touch the powerful Atlacatl Battalion, the U.S.-created and trained elite unit that carried out the murders, is noteworthy. Atlacatl Lieut. José Ricardo Espinoza Guerra, whose excellent English and extensive U.S. training made him a close collaborator of U.S. advisers, can presumably salvage his once-promising military career. Espinoza is said to have threatened to "talk" had he been convicted. The peace treaty calls for a vast reduction in the size of the army, and the elite battalions are to be gradually disbanded. Yet the treaty leaves open the question of whether current members of the Atlacatl and other battalions are to be reassigned or discharged, and convictions of skilled commandos would no doubt have been a blow to the morale of Atlacatl fighters, whose unit will not be demobilized until September.

Judge Ricardo Zamora still has not sentenced the two officers, nor has he ruled on charges related to terrorism and the cover-up, which were not heard by the jury. Defense attorneys, who repeatedly tried to have the case transferred out of Zamora's court in 1990, have asked the judge to recuse himself, citing the fact that he once taught law at Central American University. In a country where conflict of interest is seldom an issue, attempts to raise it at this late date have only provoked angry impatience from the appeals court, which has twice rejected the recusal petition.

Whether Congressman Moakley's statement will trigger an investigation by Salvadoran authorities into who actually ordered the assassination depends largely on the State Department. Spokesman Richard Boucher's description of Moakley's charges as "accusations but no direct evidence" is consistent with State's pattern of sitting back and waiting for somebody else to come up with incontrovertible proof.

Central American Jesuits, meanwhile, asked the Salvadoran Legislative Assembly to form an investigative commission, as provided for by the Constitution, to examine the question of who ordered the murders and when. The Jesuits based their request on an examination of what emerged during the judicial investigation, which they say produced a wealth of circumstantial evidence indicating that Colonel Benavides could not have acted on his own. Perhaps predictably, the assembly rejected the Jesuits' proposal on January 10. But continuing revelations like those of Congressman Moakley make it clear that absent the full truth, *el caso Jesuita* will continue to fester. While the assembly's agenda will surely be occupied with implementation of the peace accord over the next few months, the Jesuits may later ask the assembly to reconsider.

The peace treaty itself does not use the word "amnesty," but calls cryptically for the "adoption of measures of a legislative or other character necessary to guarantee the full exercise of the civil and political rights of ex-combatants of the F.M.L.N." These measures are to be adopted before February 1, and a footnote adds that they are to be "understood in a broad sense and will not exclude any kind of ex-combatant of the F.M.L.N." Notably, crimes committed by government forces are not mentioned and decisions about who is included and what kinds of crimes are covered could affect the Jesuit case. The murders were treated as a common crime, and thus would not be eligible for inclusion in an amnesty (including pardons for those already convicted) for political crimes committed by combatants on either side, a position that El Salvador's Justice Minister publicly backed. According to the Salvadoran Constitution, Colonel Benavides, as a military officer, is not eligible for pardon during the tenure of the president at the time the crime was committed.

The amnesty issue will be discussed by COPAZ, the multiparty commission mandated to oversee implementation of the accord; COPAZ will likely submit a proposal to the Legislative Assembly. Suggesting what may follow, ARENA party president Armando Calderón Sol told *The New York Times* on January 16 that he supports a pardon for Colonel Benavides and Lieutenant Mendoza. With ARENA and its rightist allies dominating the assembly, a pardon for the two convicted officers is not unlikely. □

C.P.U.S.A. CONVENTION

# De-Stalinizing the Old Guard

MAX ELBAUM

*Cleveland*

Angela Davis couldn't attend the 25th National Convention of the Communist Party U.S.A. in Cleveland because of illness and the need to care for a friend dying of AIDS. But she sent a special message that got right to the point: "I believe the Communist Party will become ever more rapidly obsolescent—mere fossilized evidence of past struggles won and lost, past theoretical stances effective and not, past modes of practice with their limitations as well as their strengths—if it is afraid to engage in rigorous self-evaluation, radical restructuring and democratic renewal."

The C.P.U.S.A. leadership failed the party's best-known figure—and hundreds of other members raising the same concerns—on all counts. Instead of using the conclave last December to confront the crisis that is ripping Communism apart all over the world, longtime C.P.U.S.A. chairman Gus Hall and his inner circle chose to reassert old orthodoxies and call critics like Davis "traitors to the working class." The result was an unprecedented organizational explosion. The convention was polarized to an extent not seen in U.S. Communism since the traumatic upheavals of the mid-1950s. And at the end of three days of nonstop confrontation, the C.P.U.S.A. emerged with two structures rather than one.

The first came out of the official proceedings. Preconvention maneuvers—such as disqualifying all or part of the dissident Northern California, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Washington, D.C., delegations—had rigged a pro-Hall majority. By a 2-to-1 margin the convention reaffirmed the sanc-

*Max Elbaum is managing editor of* CrossRoads *magazine.*

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tity of Marxism-Leninism, democratic centralism and the leading role of the C.P. It also endorsed Hall's view that there were no structural problems with socialism as it existed in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union before 1985 and that Communism's collapse was due exclusively to imperialist sabotage and errors in leadership from the time that Mikhail Gorbachev came to power. All who questioned these positions were excluded from the incoming leadership slate elected by the convention.

The convention atmosphere fully matched its siege-mentality content. Party leaders had arranged for the Cleveland police to supplement the C.P.'s own security force, and anyone approaching the Sheraton City Center Grand Ballroom without a pass was pressed back into the elevator, but fast. Kept out—contrary to traditional C.P.U.S.A. practice—were any guests from other Communist parties, figures from mass movements, members of the press or observers of any kind. Even delegates with contested credentials were denied admission while their appeals were pending. On the convention floor, when the few critics who were allowed to speak made a telling point or two, mass chants of "Gus, Gus, Gus" were quickly mobilized to restore the proper decorum.

Two hours after the official rituals ended, a second and quite different structure was established across the street. Meeting in Room 211 of the Cleveland Convention Center, some 200 seated and excluded delegates set up a network called Committees of Correspondence. The committees are designed to work toward "renewing the struggle for social progress and socialism, and putting an end to undemocratic practices which have caused so much damage to the Marxist and Communist movement," according to spokesman John Case, one of the dozens of just-ousted National Committee members involved in the new formation. Some founders of the committees expressed their intention to leave the C.P.U.S.A.; others hope to stay and continue the struggle for reform, though many of these expect to be expelled.

The initial base of the committees consists of the more than 900 C.P.U.S.A. members who signed a reform manifesto titled "An Initiative to Unite and Renew the Party," which had circulated in the party since last October. (The 900 signers make up approximately one-third of the long-battered party's current membership, Gus Hall's claims of "10-20,000 members" notwithstanding.) The Initiative called for internal democracy, a self-critical review of the party's theory and practice, and a political outlook updated for the 1990s. Signers came from at least twenty-nine of the C.P.'s thirty-five districts and included many of the country's best-known Communists: Davis, historian Herbert Aptheker, *People's Weekly World* editor Barry Cohen and associate editor Carl Bloice, veteran party leaders James Jackson, Charlene Mitchell and Gil Green.

In the weeks since the convention, the schism has grown wider. On December 17, Cohen was locked out of his office. A majority of the newspaper staff immediately walked out in protest; twenty-one of them signed an open letter denouncing "bald censorship and administrative dictat." Then, after the *P.W.W.* under new editor Tim Wheeler printed its "victory-for-the-working-class" version of what happened in


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Cleveland, the dissident staff members mailed their open letter, along with an alternative convention report, to the newspaper's readers.

This polarization of the C.P. has been a long time in the making—many would say much too long. As in Communist parties all over the world, the advent of *perestroika* and *glasnost* in the U.S.S.R. provided the initial catalyst. At first slowly, but accelerating rapidly after the upheavals in Eastern Europe in 1989, one layer of party members after another began to question longstanding policies. The most widespread criticism was lack of democracy—in the socialist countries, in the ruling parties of those countries and in the C.P.U.S.A. Critics re-raised a cardinal question the leadership thought it had buried first in 1956 and again in 1968: Had Stalinism's authoritarian legacy ever been truly confronted and rooted out by Communists here and abroad?

What gave the inner-party struggle a particular edge was its intersection with differences over party policies in the United States. At the center of the storm were charges that the C.P. was backsliding in the fight for African-American equality—a traditional strong point of the party and one of the main reasons many activists have persevered through all kinds of policy twists on other issues. With the bulk of the C.P.'s prominent African-American activists in the lead, critics charged that the Hall leadership had failed to grasp the potential of Jesse Jackson's two presidential campaigns and the Rainbow Coalition, and was generally straitjacketed by an outmoded view of who constitutes today's diverse U.S. working class.

To avoid a rethinking of 1930s doctrine, the party mounted a furious counterattack. Hall promoted the same mindset that, in its starkest form, had produced Stalin and Ceausescu: The salvation of the working class rests in a vanguard that, by definition, embodies the correct ideology. Defense of that vanguard, especially its leadership, "by any means necessary" (a phrase used a lot by Hall these days), is not just legitimate, it is a revolutionary duty. Appeals to this article of faith—which had kept generations of dedicated activists in line in 1936-38, 1956-57 and 1968—were used to justify the demonization of critics as "factionalists" and "viruses"; the ransacking of dissident leaders' wastebaskets by Hall loyalists for "incriminating" material; the disqualification of reform delegates elected by party clubs.

But the world had changed too much; for a full third of the party, it didn't wash. In the most commented-upon speech on the convention floor, Aptheker took direct aim at Stalinist vanguardism in both Eastern Europe and America: "To speak of a systemic source of the crisis . . . is to insist that the nature of the governing parties was the basic source. And what was that *nature*—it was authoritarian, domineering, brutal and guilty of colossal crimes—not only suppression but also massive human extermination. . . . It is that authoritarian, antidemocratic and eventually anti-humanistic distortion that must be combated, our Party must learn these lessons, must give up denial, must transform its character."

Of course, peeling away longstanding layers of denial is not easy even for those who have decided Hall has degenerated from political leader to cult figure. But the process is well under way, both in the generation of Communists who stood fast through earlier upheavals and among younger activists who have joined since the 1960s. When asked to reflect on how things got to this point, fifty-one-year party veteran Virginia Proctor (her father a Wobbly who joined the C.P., her mother secretary to Big Bill Haywood) said: "I blame myself. I blame those of my generation who did not fight. Something happened in this organization: We called it discipline. What it meant was I shut up."

Brenda Coley, an African-American activist in her 30s, described the experience of her peers: "Before I met the party, I knew everything about the street, but nothing about the world. My father was a postman, my mother was a nurse's aide. I really had not had a whole lot of contact with white people. The party opened up the world for me—I could go to a meeting and there would be young, old, black, white, Hispanic. I traveled. So this is a complicated weekend for me. First you have to break with the rhetoric. And then you waver on the ideology. And then you have to break psychologically, emotionally. And then you really have to start thinking for yourself."

Such sentiments were typical among the 200 delegates who debated and wept in Room 211 and finally decided to launch something new. Overwhelmingly activists in one or another social movement, they ranged in age from their 20s to their 80s; more than 50 percent were women, more than 50 percent were trade unionists and one-third were people of color, mainly African-American. The task they've set themselves is organizing an orderly transition into some as-yet-undefined form that will be activist, multiracial and oriented to the working class, broadly defined. They hope to disentangle what remains valuable in the Communist tradition from what is hidebound and antidemocratic. But already there is recognition that even a de-Stalinized Communism, by itself, can't

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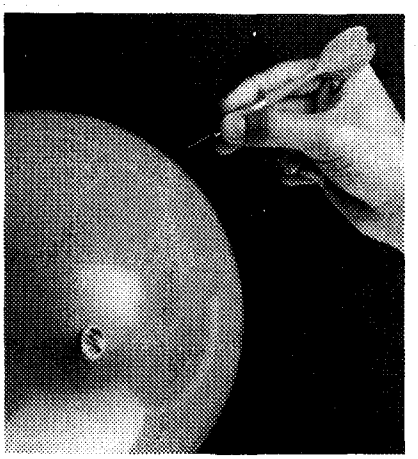

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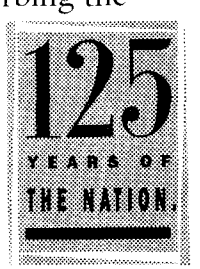


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reconstruct the U.S. left. The first statement of the Committees of Correspondence declared they "will work to heal artificial breaches between communists and others on the left and to utilize new opportunities for all the forces of democracy and socialism to work together."

Gus Hall and his supporters still have an apparatus, financial resources and a building in downtown Manhattan. Their C.P.U.S.A. will survive as an organization. But the forward-looking political energy that has been locked up in the party is escaping to something new. Carrying rich experience and a strong impulse for renewal, the Committees of Correspondence may well shake things up in our country's weak and divided but never-more-needed left. □

MASSACRE ON PRIME TIME

# Making an Issue Of East Timor

ARNOLD S. KOHEN

In 1975 Indonesia invaded and illegally occupied East Timor, killing perhaps 100,000 to 200,000 out of a population of less than 700,000. Until 1989 it was open to few visitors, and even now access is restricted. Some years ago, an Australian member of parliament trying to expose Indonesian atrocities in East Timor told a member of Congress that Jakarta's defenders around the world had imposed such stringent standards of proof that "one almost has to bring them dead bodies before they will accept your information."

Last November 12, they got more than a few. On that day, at least 75 to 100 East Timorese, and possibly twice that number, were mercilessly gunned down at Santa Cruz cemetery in full view of Western journalists at the end of a funeral commemoration for an activist killed two weeks earlier. Amy Goodman, news editor at WBAI/Pacific Radio, and Allan Nairn of *The New Yorker* tried to place themselves between Indonesian soldiers and the East Timorese gathered outside the cemetery in Dili, East Timor's capital, and were badly beaten for their trouble; Nairn sustained a fractured skull.

There were other independent witnesses as well, among them camera technician Chris Wenner, working for Britain's Yorkshire Television. Against heavy odds—the uncut footage makes it clear that some of the film was shot even as Indonesian soldiers were beating survivors of the massacre—the Yorkshire film made its way to the outside world, including the *CBS Evening News*. With the evidence presented by the film, Goodman, Nairn and other witnesses, comments by Indonesia's longtime defenders were muted—but also protective of Suharto's military regime, which has enjoyed American patronage since it came to power, having killed at least 500,000 purported leftists in 1965-66.

The State Department, for example, publicly condemned the November 12 killings (apparently as a result of bipartisan Congressional pressure), while calling them "a terrible atrocity" in private. But the department made scant reference to continuing reports of atrocities, as if such misdeeds had suddenly ceased once foreign witnesses left the scene. Amnesty International has reported ongoing, serious human rights violations, including death threats, imprisonment and beatings. Church sources say there were dozens of executions of witnesses to the massacre, and that many others have died of untreated wounds sustained during the carnage.

The same sources insist that an atmosphere of terror prevails and that it is extremely difficult to speak with foreign visitors. In mid-January a Japanese librarian investigating the situation in East Timor had his film confiscated and was interrogated for hours before being expelled from the country. Hundreds are currently being imprisoned and tortured. By mid-January these sources were emphasizing that many more may face execution if international pressure on Indonesia abates.

The delicate treatment of Jakarta in Foggy Bottom has been a matter of public record since 1975, both before and after Indonesia invaded East Timor with generous supplies of both American military equipment and diplomatic support [see Kohen, "The Cruel Case of Indonesia," November 26, 1977, and "Invitation to a Massacre in East Timor," February 7, 1981; Mark Hertsgaard, "The Secret Life of Henry Kissinger," October 29, 1990]. Such support has become increasingly embarrassing for the United States since the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. At a conference at American University in Washington, D.C., last spring, State Department officials were all but speechless when pressed to explain the contradiction between de facto recognition of Indonesia's illegal annexation of East Timor and going to war to reverse the illegal annexation of Kuwait.

Official American embarrassment was magnified by the television and eyewitness coverage of the November 12 events—little as it was, it made these atrocities in East Timor undeniable and more widely noticed than they had ever been—and the strong Congressional reaction to it. Although Congress adjourned on November 27, bellicose statements from Indonesian military leaders only made matters worse. These, coupled with the continuing reports of bloodcurdling human rights violations, caused some Congressional leaders to suggest the possibility not only of a cutoff of all direct U.S. aid to Indonesia (at least $50 million in 1991) but also a termination of the much larger annual multilateral aid package ($4.75 billion in 1991), which is dispensed by the Inter-Governmental Group on Indonesia. A December 24 statement by a spokesperson for Japanese Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa said Tokyo might decide to link future economic aid to Indonesia to human rights concerns; the East Timor situation was mentioned specifically and termed "important."

In the face of this kind of pressure the preliminary report issued on December 26 (timed to appear during the holidays to assure minimal Western scrutiny) by an Indonesian government-appointed commission, headed by a retired general, simply acknowledged what everyone already knew: that the official Indonesian military figure of nineteen East Timorese dead in the massacre was far too low, although the

*Arnold S. Kohen, a journalist who has worked for NBC News, is writing a book on East Timor and U.S. foreign policy.*

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commission did this only after heavy pressure from American officials, who were anxious to dampen criticism of Indonesia. The commission even tried to blame the East Timorese for provoking the military violence. Both Amnesty International and Asia Watch rejected the report's findings. Two days after the report was published President Suharto removed two generals from their positions in the East Timor region. As the Indonesian public relations campaign gathered force, news of further terror in East Timor increased.

A bipartisan group in Congress is poised to introduce motions to cut or eliminate entirely aid to Indonesia. Meanwhile, on January 7 Yorkshire Television aired the results of its investigation, which showed that the massacre was no aberration; the London *Guardian*'s review was headed, "Package tour to hell." Another twist is that a former C.I.A. operations officer has come forward to write in *The Washington Post* for January 6 what has long been known but never stated publicly by anyone in such a position: Indonesian and U.S. policies on East Timor have been built on a foundation of lies and amorality. If the Bush Administration does not lead a global effort for human rights and authentic self-determination in East Timor, that is where things will remain. □

# Economic Strategy

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

One pitfall derives from the left's historic moral commitment to solidarity and internationalism. Democratic candidates have been focusing almost exclusively on the economic plight of the supposedly "forgotten middle class," sometimes appearing to abandon the party's longstanding support for the poor, people of color and the working class. Some of the candidates are also inclined toward an avowed economic nationalism, bashing the Japanese and implicitly blaming foreign workers for many of our domestic economic problems. This flirtation with economic provincialism leads to blame-the-victim and beggar-thy-neighbor aggrandizement.

There is reason here for more than moral unease. The Democrats have not yet offered a coherent economic strategy capable of sustaining long-term improvements in people's living standards and extending democracy and justice. The candidates have so far been brandishing a variety of short-term Band-Aids, such as tax relief for the middle class, and fragmentary programs for longer-term reform, such as expanded public investment in infrastructure, education and training. But none of the candidates have yet confronted the underlying sources of our current economic problems. This failure stems from three central mistakes in responding to the current economic morass—mistakes of appraisal, diagnosis and prescription.

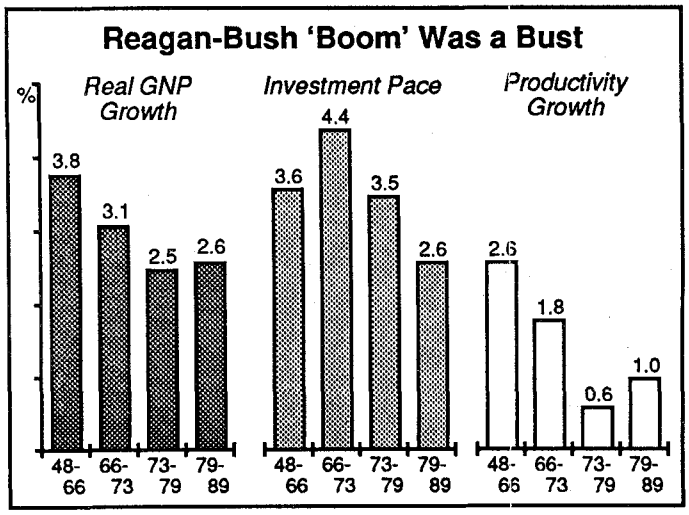
The first mistake comes from too quickly joining the choir singing the short-term cyclical blues. It is tempting, of course, to focus on the recession itself, blaming "the Herbert Hoover of the nineties," as presidential candidate Tom Harkin has called Bush, for all the miseries of the moment. Most progressives understand, however, that millions of Americans were hurting before the recession hit. And when the long-awaited "recovery" finally arrives, stagnation will still be the name of the game. Our economic problems go far deeper than the recessionary woes of the past eighteen months.

How best to appraise those structural problems? Here, many progressives focus on the effects of right-wing slash-and-burn policies during the 1980s. We decry virulent homelessness, decaying infrastructure, shredded safety nets and the scandalous health care system. Probing somewhat more deeply, we point toward stagnating earnings, increasing inequality and persistent financial fragility.

But then the danger of misappraisal asserts itself. When pressed about these symptomatic problems, defenders of the conservative faith argue that they represent the necessary costs of a successful strategy for revitalizing the U.S. economy. What we need most, they insist, is a supply-side revival to lay the foundations for more rapid longer-term economic growth. This is what Reaganomics launched, they argue, and this is what we must continue to nurture. "The full impact of the powerful economic recovery that President Reagan launched during the 1980s," Martin Anderson, one of Reagan's chief domestic policy advisers, wrote in early 1990, "is still unfolding. . . . We have just witnessed America's Great Expansion." If such claims of powerful expansion are justified, what would prevent a new Democratic administration from implementing the same kind of trickle-down, supply-side strategies?

Far from being justified, these apologetic claims are insupportable. Judged by the most relevant supply-side indicators, right-wing economics did not reverse the longer-term erosion of U.S. macroeconomic performance. The vaunted Republican boom was a bust.

This conclusion emerges clearly from the accompanying graph, which compares the most recent business cycle, extending from 1979 through 1989, with earlier phases in the postwar period. (1) Controlling for inflation, the rate of growth of real G.N.P. had declined steadily from its pace during the long postwar boom between 1948 and 1966; output growth did not revive during the 1980s cycle. (2) Far from stimulating




*The authors teach economics at the University of Massachusetts, the New School for Social Research and the University of Michigan, respectively. They are the authors of* After the Waste Land: A Democratic Economics for the Year 2000.

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investment through massive tax cuts and concessions to the wealthy, Reagan-Bush economic policy has dealt investment a further devastating blow; compared with the previous business cycle, the pace of real net productive investment, which we measure as the rate of growth of the real net fixed nonresidential capital stock, declined by a quarter during the most recent business cycle. (3) Productivity growth in the United States, while up somewhat from the 1970s, continues to lag far behind not only its tempo during the postwar boom but also the rate of productivity growth among almost all the leading competing economies.

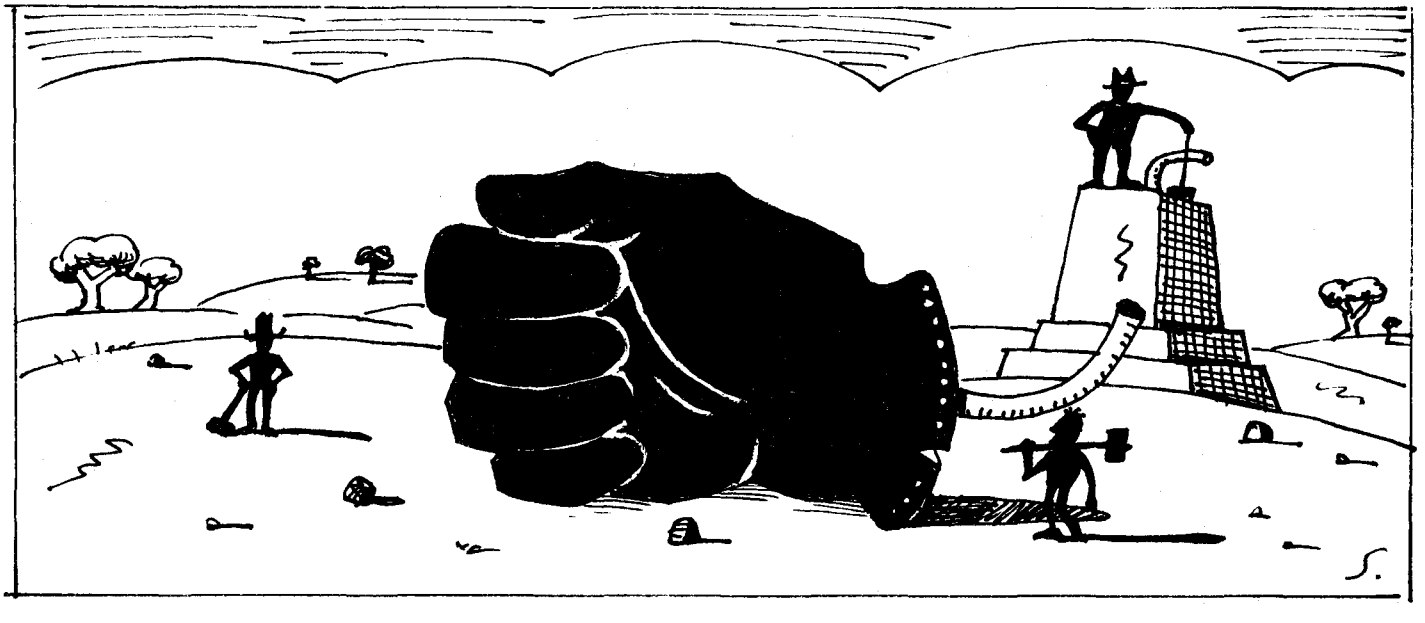
Why did right-wing policies fail to revive the economy? A second critical mistake by liberals and progressives involves an incomplete diagnosis of these failures. In critiquing Reagan-Bushonomics, many liberals and progressives focus primarily on the excesses of free-market frenzy, pointing to the reign of deregulation and laissez-faire. These excesses indeed fostered mounting inequality, speculative fever and instability. But that's only part of the story: Right-wing policies combine the iron fist with the invisible hand. They failed not merely because of their assaults on the government but also because of the high costs of keeping people down. Reagan-Bushonomics not only unleashed cowboy capitalism; it also fostered what we call the "garrison economy."

The U.S. economy has become increasingly garrisoned because it relies much more heavily on the stick than on the carrot. Worker discipline depends crucially on the threat of dismissal. When unemployment rates fall, workers are better able to resist such heavy-handed control. As a result, right-wing strategies to revive U.S. corporate profits require periodic doses of sharply rising unemployment—which in turn require restrictive fiscal and monetary policies. Workers need to be reminded, as one corporate executive insisted in the mid-1970s, "that a job is the most important thing they can have."

These concerns set the stage for the cold bath imposed by sharply restrictive monetary policies after Paul Volcker seized the reigns of the Federal Reserve Board in late 1979. Credit was drastically curtailed, interest rates shot up, the economy fell into a swoon and the official unemployment rate soared into double digits for the first time since the 1930s. After the Republicans took their lumps in the midterm elections of 1982, the Reagan Administration stepped on the fiscal accelerator and pursued a policy of old-fashioned military Keynesianism—hiking military expenditures while cutting taxes (mostly for the wealthy) and running huge budget deficits. This had the predictable effect of stimulating output and employment growth. But continuing tightfisted monetary policies kept real interest rates, usually measured as the difference between actual interest rates and the pace of inflation, at record-high levels throughout the 1980s. This continued dose of hardball economics stifled investment and prolonged the sluggishness of productivity growth, which had been eroding U.S. competitiveness since the early 1970s. Corporations won most of their battles over economic policy, but they nevertheless lost the war.

Restrictive monetary policies were not the only costs of keeping people down. Economies governed by the stick require stick-wielders. The bureaucratic burden in U.S. corporations is immense and wasteful: The ratio of managerial and administrative employees to total employment in the United States has grown steadily since the 1950s and is now roughly three times greater than it is in either Japan or Germany.

To illustrate these garrison imperatives more inclusively, we have defined and traced two categories of employment essential to control in a conflictual society: *guard labor* and *threat labor*. Guard labor includes the full range of enforcement activities necessary to maintain the peace: workplace supervisors; police, judicial and corrections employees; private security personnel; the armed forces and civilian defense employees; and producers of military and domestic security equipment. Threat labor includes those members of the reserve army who make credible the peril of job dismissal—the unemployed, "discouraged workers" and prisoners. By the late 1980s, guard and threat laborers in the United States totaled more than 34 million, an increase of 28 percent over their levels in 1979. There was one guard or threat laborer for every



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2.3 civilian employees *not* engaged in maintaining order. The increase in guard and threat labor, by our calculations, was equal to more than 60 percent of the total increase in employment between 1979 and 1987.

The deepening of these garrison imperatives brings us to the third mistake: inadequate policy prescription. For if right-wing economic policies combine both the invisible hand *and* the iron fist, articulating a coherent alternative economic strategy requires that we replace *both* of those two essential elements of Reagan-Bushonomics.

Many liberals are already joining progressives in proposing to repair the damage wrought by laissez-faire conservatism. A near consensus has emerged that supports a wide range of new government initiatives and interventions, including public investment in infrastructure, education and training; more adequate environmental regulations; and one or another form of national health insurance. Growing numbers further agree that we could finance many of these initiatives, even in the short run, through a combination of military spending cuts and higher tax rates on the wealthy.

## *Democracy is an essential ingredient for a thriving and just economy.*

This spreading unity behind a more active regulatory role for the public sector is both welcome and overdue. But such prescriptions fail to heed the central importance of the rule of the iron fist in the U.S. economy. A viable program of economic renewal requires a new structure of economic governance, not simply new budgetary priorities. Over the longer term, for example, government initiatives in infrastructure and education are likely to founder on the shoals of the system's need for periodically high levels of unemployment and battalions of enforcers, as did the Great Society initiatives of the 1960s and early 1970s. If we are to promote sustainable long-term improvements in living standards and extend justice and democracy, we need to begin mobilizing now to change the rules of the game in the private sector, moderating the corporate addiction to threats of dismissal and gangs of stick-wielders.

This will require a fundamental break with the principles of trickle-down economics. We need to start talking about rebuilding the U.S. economy from the bottom up, rather than from the top down. We need to replace the iron fist with the sustained handshake, improving economic performance by giving workers a stake in their enterprises and economy rather than clubbing them into submission. Instead of relying so centrally on "profit-led productivity growth," we need to begin applying the principles of what we call "worker-led productivity growth."

Changing the rules of the game in the private sector is a tall order, of course, and could hardly be accomplished in the next session of Congress. But there are several concrete and relatively practicable steps that we could take in the 1990s instead of waiting for the millennium:

§ Foster the common stakes and mutual respect necessary for cooperation rather than conflict in the workplace, helping workers acquire both the influence and the incentives to support a worker-led productivity regime. We should try to level the playing field for workers seeking to form unions by calling for significant and long-awaited reform of our labor laws. Labor unions and their allies are mobilizing to outlaw the practice of hiring "replacement workers" during strikes; we should support and dramatically extend this kind of legislative and political initiative. We also need to begin constructing the equivalent of a workers' bill of rights, affording workers protection against arbitrary dismissal or layoff through policy measures like advance plant-closing notification. And we should begin limiting government procurement and contracting with companies that lack workplace democracy and engage in blatant antiworker practices.

§ Promote fuller employment and higher wages—not only so that workers can provide for their households' sustenance but also in order to stabilize the economy and pressure businesses to innovate organizationally and technologically. This calls for a government priority on job creation initiatives and continuing increases in the federal minimum wage. Combining these initiatives with the broadening support for public infrastructure investment would simultaneously improve the employment picture, help reverse the costly decline in our public capital stock and build the foundations for more robust worker-led growth in the future.

§ Reject the archaic view that what makes money for the corporation makes sense for everybody else. We need to shift investment incentives in the private sector to reward productive capital formation and discourage speculation, ruinous environmental degradation and assaults on our family lives and communities. This means establishing a national investment bank that would provide investment credit and subsidies specifically targeted at enterprises and corporations building toward a bottom-up economic renewal. Such a bank could provide special investment incentives, for example, to companies that reduce managerial waste, encourage worker participation and innovate in the organization of production and administration.

Until very recently, even such modest initiatives seemed hopelessly beyond our grasp. But the current climate should make it possible to put them back on the agenda. There is growing suspicion of the power and practices of U.S. corporations—of astronomic executive salaries, wasteful legions of redundant bureaucrats, callous contempt for our environment and neighborhoods, and shortsighted interest in stock options and golden parachutes. If democratic governance is good for the Oval Office and City Hall, it's time to extend it to the corporate boardroom. Mobilizing to replace the iron fist with the steady handshake may not seem politically familiar and its slogans may not fit on this year's bumper stickers. But we cannot afford to settle for anything less. Democracy is an essential ingredient for a thriving and just economy in the next century. □

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# BOOKS & THE ARTS.

## The Empire Strikes Back

GAYLE GREENE

BACKLASH: The Undeclared War Against American Women. *By Susan Faludi. Crown. 552 pp. $24.*

THE BEAUTY MYTH: How Images of Beauty Are Used Against Women. *By Naomi Wolf. Morrow. 348 pp. $21.95.*

Those who are living through change may be the last to know it, until something we read brings things together in a way that makes us see that yes, things really are different—it's not just us growing older. These books—both written by young women, both bristling with indignation—demonstrate that something has changed profoundly in the culture's attitudes toward and representations of women, that we are undergoing a "cultural onslaught" that is the more "remarkable for how little it has been remarked upon at all." Both books contextualize this backlash in relation to earlier backlashes—in the late nineteenth century, the early twentieth century and the fifties—and both explain its ferocity in economic terms.

Just when women were making some progress toward equality, just when we were mobilizing against job discrimination and sexual harassment, the Reagan Administration began dismantling federal programs and blocking progressive legislation. Just when young women were supporting feminism in record numbers, the media declared the advent of a "postfeminist" generation and began publishing scare stories (the man shortage, the infertility epidemic, career-woman burnout) and promoting retrotrends (nesting, cocooning, the "New Traditionalism"). No, it's not a conspiracy, but neither is it innocent: Both these books show how legal setbacks, put-downs from mass media and Hollywood, denunciations from political and religious leaders, firebombings of women's clinics, rape, and a beauty ideal that eroticizes violence are all parts of the same picture—of "a counterassault on women's rights" that is intensifying in nastiness and volume.

Women earn 60 cents to a man's dollar; and, as Wolf points out, the economies of industrialized countries depend on this "pool of cheap female labor." Thus in addition to the lucrative industries preying on women—the $33-billion-a-year diet industry, the $20 billion cosmetics industry, the $300 million cosmetic surgery industry and the $7 billion pornography industry—there are powerful economic incentives for keeping women subordinate. By defining women's value in terms of appearance and making it depend on male approval, the Beauty Myth keeps us anxious, insecure and vulnerable, while also affirming a man's right to confer judgment—that last bastion of male privilege. An ideology that makes us feel "worth less" became even more necessary when feminism was beginning "to make us feel worth more."

*Today's imagery is reasserting the power inequities the women's movement challenged.*

Wolf analyzes the Beauty Myth as a form of social coercion that took over from where the Feminine Mystique left off, as "a direct consequence of, and a one-to-one check and balance upon" women's new rights and powers. Whereas the women's movement gave us some control of our minds, bodies and sexuality, the Beauty Myth wrested this control away, barraging us with "time-consuming and mind-consuming fictions" that drain our energies and absorb our attentions. Whereas feminism challenged the stereotype that we were defined by our appearance, the Beauty Myth insists that a woman *is* her body and that her body is unsatisfactory. Whereas the sexual revolution promoted women's discovery and experience of sexuality, suddenly the weight of fashion models plummeted to 23 percent below that of ordinary women in a new ideal that keeps us off-balance, food-obsessed, hungry; and a new "beauty pornography" linked self-worth to sexuality at the same time that it degraded female sexuality.

The more legal and material gains we made in the world, the more foolish and insecure we were made to feel in our bodies, and the more strictly and cruelly beauty images were forced upon us. The ideal of female beauty that has evolved in recent years—excessively thin, shockingly young and erotically degraded—is a direct response to our new powers. There is nothing arbitrary about any of these qualities: Each aspect—youth, thinness, erotic degradation—performs important work of social control. Dropping "the official weight one stone below women's natural level and redefining a woman's womanly shape" as "fat" plunges women into endless, time- and energy-consuming cycles of dieting and bingeing and produces self-hate such that the norm now is to be a sufferer of some form of eating disorder: More people die of anorexia in a year than died of AIDS from the beginning of the epidemic until the end of 1988.

Nor is it an accident—as Faludi points out—that this ideal flies in the face of demographics: that the ideal beauty is in her late teens or early 20s at the very time when the largest proportion of the female population is entering middle age. It was no misunderstanding that prompted the fashion industry to push baby-doll lines, bubble skirts, party-girl gowns, miniskirts and pouf dresses, at a time when the average American woman was 32, weighed 143 pounds and wore a size 10 or 12; infantile imagery promotes "a retreat from female adulthood" and "bears a vindictive subtext." As Wolf emphasizes, the devaluing of older women also eradicates female power. Whereas older men move into positions of prominence—and power is eroticized for men but not for women—older women have to be made to disappear. Making our aging appear unseemly, unsightly, unacceptable assures that we will. Moreover, it performs the crucial work of cutting the links between generations of women and assuring that power is not passed on. This is why the caricature of the Ugly Feminist appears with every backlash—to scare young women away from identifying with older women and prevent the transmission of authority. The Beauty Myth not only sets women in competition with one another on a daily basis but sets younger women against older, which is part of the reason the struggle for

*Gayle Greene teaches at Scripps College. Her most recent book is* Changing the Story: Feminist Fiction and the Tradition *(Indiana).*

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women's rights has to begin anew with each generation.

Wolf points out that young people today are bombarded with more images of "impossibly 'beautiful' women engaged in 'sexual' posturing" than their grandmothers were in a lifetime, and that these images are different not only in quantity but in kind from anything women had to deal with in the past. They glamorize female degradation and masochism in a way that reasserts imaginatively the power inequities that the women's movement challenged. "In a crossover of imagery in the 1980s, the conventions of high-class pornographic photography, such as *Playboy*'s, began to be used generally to sell products," and "the furious pouting glare of the violated woman" and images of "chic violence" and "designer bondage" entered mainstream advertising. Rock videos, which "set the beauty index" for young women, showing them "how to move, strip, grimace, pout, breathe, and cry out during a 'sexual' encounter," define beauty as "that which never says no," as that which is abused. Young people are being imprinted with a sexuality that is mass-produced, inhuman and dehumanizing, and the changes are momentous: "Nothing comparable has ever happened in the history of our species; it dislodges Freud." It may also be producing a generation that confuses sexuality with violence—a generation for which date rape is "more common than left-handedness, alcoholism, and heart attacks."

Wolf's chapter "Violence" is not about rape or male violence, however. It is about cosmetic surgery—which makes the point that the violence done to us makes us more inclined to do violence to ourselves. Reading of the self-mutilation women inflict on themselves in breast implants, liposuction and face lifts, I was struck by how numbed we have become to our own pain. Smoking to stay thin, risking death for thinner thighs, killing the breast as a site of sexual pleasure to make it the object of another's pleasure (which is what silicone implants do) indicate new levels of alienation from our bodies. But such practices also make sense in terms of a culture that values a woman's appearance more than her mind, where a woman can still make more money selling her body than her skills (the average streetwalker earns more than a secretary).

The Beauty Myth claims to be about sexuality while actually being repressive of female sexuality, leaving women alienated from their bodies and desires. It purports to be about individuality while in fact reducing "the meaning of women to . . . formulaic and endlessly reproduced . . . images," which then become the "reality" against which women are measured and found wanting. It claims to be about freedom while actually being about control, and it disguises its coercions in the language of choice, the language of feminism: Now you can choose to have perfect breasts, higher cheekbones. But in fact it leaves us no choice—we will only have a choice when the loss of "beauty" does not mean the loss of esteem, self-esteem, identity, love.

Wolf urges that we exercise real choice and learn to see differently. Her book shows how we might rethink beauty, the body, and—in a powerful and moving passage—how we might re-envision age:

> You could see the signs of female aging as diseased. . . . Or you could see that if a woman is healthy she lives to grow old; as she thrives, she reacts and speaks and shows emotion, and grows into her face. Lines trace her thought

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> and radiate from the corners of her eyes after decades of laughter. . . . You could call the lines a network of "serious lesions," or you could see that in a precise calligraphy, thought has etched marks of concentration between her brows, and drawn across her forehead the horizontal creases of surprise, delight, compassion, and good talk. . . . The darkening under her eyes, the weight of her lids, their minute cross-hatching, reveal that what she has been part of has left in her its complexity and richness. She is darker, stronger, looser, tougher, sexier. The maturing of a woman who has continued to grow is a beautiful thing to behold.

Wolf suggests that we turn to women's films, novels and art to discover alternative images of beauty and unalienated female desire.* Second-wave feminism produced many such works,** and Wolf urges young women to draw on them and to forge intergenerational links that will strengthen them in coming together in a third wave.

Whereas Wolf addresses one aspect of the backlash, Faludi takes in a broader picture, and her book offers a rich compendium of fascinating information and an indictment of a system losing its grip and reeling from changes it does not begin to understand.

By the end of the eighties women were familiar with these "statistical developments"—a "man shortage" endangering our opportunities for marriage; burnout attacking single and career women; an infertility epidemic striking women over 30. While none of these were real, they did succeed in deflecting attention from problems that were. For along with these "developments" we were being fed a mystifying hype: that the pay gap between the sexes was closing and that women were charging into traditional male occupations. The reality was that college-educated women were still making less, on average, than men with high school diplomas, just as they had in the fifties, and the work force was becoming more segregated, with nearly 80 percent of working women as secretaries, administrative support workers and sales clerks; and that women represent less than one-half of 1 percent of top corporate managers, less than 6 percent of law partners, less than 8 percent of federal and state judges and a mere 10 percent of tenured faculty at four-year institutions and 3 to 4 percent at Ivy League colleges. If we were hearing less about discrimination, this was partly because Reagan had gutted the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, hatcheting its budget and firing or silencing equal-opportunity investigators.

The press unquestionably passed along misleading government and private reports—the E.E.O.C.'s claim that sexual harassment on the job is declining, the Justice Department's report that rape rates are static, the Labor Department's claim that the wage gap has narrowed. Taking its cues from the Reagan Administration, which was taking its cues from the New Right, its movements weren't premeditated but they were "grossly susceptible to the prevailing political currents." Rather than investigating and exposing the causes of backlash in the coalescence of the New Right with a misogynous White House and intransigent social and religious institutions and attitudes, the media chose to "peddle the backlash."

In place of factual reporting on the erosion of women's rights the media circulated make-believe data and fabricated trends. They showcased the infamous Harvard-Yale marriage study that proclaimed that a woman over 40 had more chance of being killed by a terrorist than getting married, while ignoring actual census data and evidence that suggest it is *men* who are eager to marry and women who choose not to. They promoted bogus statistics on infertility in women over 30 while showing no interest in the real drop in fertility in women under 30, due to chlamydia. They pushed the central argument of backlash—that it's women's new freedoms that account for our unhappiness—while ignoring the actual social and political pressures on us

* Wolf's description of aging reminds me of the Canadian film *Strangers in Good Company*, by Cynthia Scott, which focuses on the faces of old women so lovingly that it makes us see their beauty. Films that take women's perspective tend not to become mainstream, however, and Faludi's account of how things work in Hollywood explains why: She describes the chilliness Gwen Field encountered with her film *Patti Rocks*, and the disapproval its independent female protagonist met with, while *Fatal Attraction* evolved, in response to pressures from its male stars and producers, from a vaguely feminist film into a morality tale that demonized the professional woman.

** There are dozens of excellent contemporary women writers—Toni Morrison, Marge Piercy, Alice Walker, Maxine Hong Kingston, Adrienne Rich, Mary Gordon, to name only a few. In *Changing the Story* I focus on Doris Lessing, Margaret Drabble, Margaret Atwood and Margaret Laurence; Alicia Ostriker's *Stealing the Language: The Emergence of Women's Poetry in America* (Beacon) provides a good overview of contemporary women's poetry. See also *Visibly Female: Feminism and Art: An Anthology*, edited by Hilary Robinson (Universe).

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(harassment from the media among them) and obfuscating the simple truth that it's not liberation but the lack of it that's our problem. Like the advice manuals that proliferated during the decade (*Smart Women/Foolish Choices*, *Women Who Love Too Much*), the media depoliticized the issues and blamed the woman.

Television and Hollywood portrayed single women as lonely and forlorn, panicked by the man shortage and the ticking of their biological clocks, overcome by baby craving, desperate for marriage. Baby craze films (*Three Men and a Baby*, *Baby Boom*) marketed a return to motherhood. *Fatal Attraction* is but one instance of the way "women's lives were framed as morality tales in which the 'good mother' wins and the independent woman gets punished"; and tough-guy films, which were legion in the eighties, reasserted male authority. In television, strong single women vanished, to be replaced by cold careerists and depressed spinsters; and here, too, the hard-boiled male made a comeback (contrary to audience demand, actually: Faludi links shrinking network audiences to the cancellation of shows about independent women).

The press, television, movies, pop psychology and advertising function as what Faludi terms "an endless feedback loop," "a closed system" that perpetuates its own reality. Faludi shows how this loop works—how the media pick up statistical developments that corroborate their preconceptions and then authorize such developments by repeating them. Again and again the people she interviewed cited the movies—"It's like in *Fatal Attraction*"—or referred to trend stories to corroborate their assumptions. Trend stories refer to other trend stories or to advice manuals, which base their claims on trend stories or the movies. What is clear is that rather than reporting movements, the media are *creating* them—that while purporting to describe, they actually prescribe.

And the effects have been devastating: The backlash has divided and confused women and turned our pain and frustration inward, diminishing our sense of self-worth, of future possibilities, and our view of the legacy of feminism. Whereas in 1986 a Gallup poll showed a majority of women calling themselves feminists and only 4 percent describing themselves as "antifeminists," by the end of the decade the number of women willing to identify themselves as feminists dropped to one in three. By 1989 almost half of the women in a *New York Times* poll said "they now feared they had sacrificed too much for their gains." The year after an infamous 1986 *Fortune* cover story, "Why Women Are Bailing Out," the proportion of women applying to business schools began to shrink for the first time in a decade. The backlash has not succeeded in returning women to the home, but—as in the fifties—it has helped many to accommodate to discrimination, harassment and menial jobs. Then as now, "the ranks of women working didn't shrink . . . but . . . occupational segregation increased," which produced a paradoxical situation wherein "rising economic participation" coexists with "an embattled and diminished cultural stature."

*Given what little progress we've made, how to account for the strength of the reaction?*

*Backlash* offers fascinating stories—of con men and opportunists and wackos and desperadoes—that illustrate how private neuroses can catch a wave of popular opinion and become enormously influential: as with the losers who manned Operation Rescue or the masterminds of antifeminist (and wildly successful) ad campaigns for Guess jeans and Victoria's Secret. Faludi must be a crackerjack interviewer, letting subjects babble on until they blurt out marvelously self-incriminating revelations, offering up the real reasons they hate and fear feminists—motives that are self-serving, silly, often sinister—which Faludi simply, deadpan, recounts.

But this book also tells stories of courage and determination on the part of many women who stood their ground in the face of harassment and hostility from male co-workers and management. Diane Joyce, who took "nearly ten years of battles to become the first female skilled crafts worker ever in Santa Clara County . . . another seven years of court litigation, pursued all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, before she could actually start work," and then "the real fight" began; Pat Lorance, who took on A.T.&T. over a seniority system designed to lock out women—and lost; Rita Flynn, who was fired for trying to fight discrimination at ABC; Betty Riggs, who underwent sterilization in the name of "fetal rights" to keep a job that was then pulled out from under her—these are among the many women whose stories deserve to be known. I don't see a lot of men sticking up for women in all this, but I do see why more women do not fight back, how difficult and dangerous it is to attempt collective bargaining in today's workplace.

From this *comédie humaine* there emerges a picture of an economy in trouble, a system failing fast and thrashing about in search of an enemy; a resorting to that most primitive mechanism for dealing with fear, scapegoating:

> When the enemy has no face, society will invent one. All that free-floating anxiety over declining wages, insecure employment, and overpriced housing needs a place to light, and in the '80s, much of it fixed itself on women.

Faludi's analysis accounts not only for antifeminism but for the resurgence of racism and explains why the most virulent expressions of both have tended to come from those hurting from social and economic dislocation—blue-collar workers, put out of work by the millions by plant closings and the shift to a service economy; young men condemned by the eighties economy to earn less than their fathers, unable to afford houses or to provide for their families, losing control at work and home and focusing their rage and frustration on women. It is men like these who firebomb women's clinics and fill "the lists of plaintiffs filing reverse-discrimination and 'men's rights' law suits, [and] the steadily mounting police rolls of rapists and sexual assailants." But backlash is not confined to one class or income. Its message was framed by more affluent and influential men in media, business and politics—and by women too, the women of the New Right, the authors, both female and male, of antifeminist books and advice manuals.

What we're seeing, then, is the targeting of women for social problems that are hurting women as much as, if not more than, most men. Given what little progress we've made, how to account for the strength of the reaction? Maybe, as Faludi suggests, it's because women really do have enormous unrecognized power (unrecognized by women, that is, but not by men). Maybe what looks like an overreaction is an accurate assessment of the threat we represent. It is gratifying to

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learn that in "the High Femininity year of 1987" women's refusal to buy "nearly decimated the fashion industry" and by 1989 Lacroix was reporting a $9.3 million loss—that his pouf dresses went poof; that women's viewing habits caused losses for the networks; that in 1989, when NOW suggested the formation of a third party, a gender gap in voting was sufficiently threatening that the press responded with such anger and derision—this should have clued women into the fact that maybe they were on to something.

Both Faludi and Wolf try to get women to recognize their power. Both books do what feminist classics—Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*, Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*—did: They name and identify the problem and give us a new way of seeing. If they are at times prone to exaggeration and hyperbole, so too were de Beauvoir and Friedan. I do wish Faludi had more fully acknowledged Wendy Kaminer's *A Fearful Freedom: Women's Flight from Equality* and other analyses of the backlash that cover some of the same ground that she does—for example, Katha Pollitt's ["Being Wedded Is Not Always Bliss," September 20, 1986]. And I also wish she had found a way of discussing Carol Gilligan that did not blame her for what reactionary forces made of her. But what is enormously important is that both books move the discussion outside academic feminist discourse, which has tended to become turgid, inward-looking and politically ineffectual, and into a more public arena.

I'm delighted that these books were written by young women, that they are being marketed enthusiastically for large audiences, that they are available even in Southern California bookstore chains, that the authors are appearing widely on talk shows. I love their indignation—both books crackle with energy and anger. What they do not note—and so I will—is that it's the success of feminism (as much as its failures) that has fueled this energy: It's precisely because feminism has taught us to expect more—that things might be better—that these young women are so angry. So they give us a new way of viewing the legacy of feminism of which the authors may not be aware. I think there are a lot of women out there who will get the message—since these books appeared, Clarence Thomas happened along like Exhibit A—and I hope they will help re-ignite the women's movement to face the challenges that still confront us. □

# Brazil's Lech Walesa

JAMES NORTH

WITHOUT FEAR OF BEING HAPPY: Lula, the Workers Party and Brazil. *By Emir Sader and Ken Silverstein. Verso. 177 pp. $59.95. Paper $17.95.*

In March 1979 the Brazilian labor leader Lula da Silva found himself in what seemed an impossible situation. He and the other directors of the new metalworkers union stood in the center of the Vila Euclides soccer stadium, about to speak to 80,000 workers, when they discovered the sound system did not work. Lula remembered later: "I was alone like a clown on top of the table. Everyone was getting nervous, and the leaders were beginning to disagree right there. And the workers said, 'Calm down, calm down.' You know how we held that assembly? We kept workers there for four hours on the field without sound. . . . I yelled, the people in front repeated it and it was passed backwards."

The 46-year-old Luis Inâcio da Silva, called simply Lula, should be as well known as Lech Walesa. He is the major figure in the rise of the democratic union movement that, more than any other single factor, weakened and finally brought to an end the military dictatorship that had ruled Brazil from 1964 to 1985. In national elections that will take place sometime in the next few years, he has a good chance to be chosen the president of Brazil.

It has been a rapid rise. In the early 1980s the independent unionists, together with a coalition of church and community groups and others who were tired of the doctrinaire, top-down approach of the traditional left parties, formed O Partido dos Trabalhadores, the Workers Party, a determined socialist organization characterized by an impressive degree of internal democracy.

In the Workers Party's first approach to the polls, in 1982, it won only 3.1 percent of the vote, and skeptics said it would never leave the political fringes. But it continued to grow as the Brazilian economy, mismanaged by the old elite and crippled by more than $100 billion in foreign debt, sputtered along after years of rapid growth in the 1960s and 1970s. In 1989, in the first free presidential elections in nearly thirty years, Lula made it into the second-round runoff. (He spoke of his mother, who had died years earlier: "She cried [with joy] when I was able to get a job as a metalworker. Imagine if she could only see me now.") Then, underfinanced, with just about the entire communications media against him, he gave a real fright to the right and its candidate, Fernando Collor. Lula lost, but he got 31 million votes, 46 percent of the total.

*Without Fear of Being Happy* is a splendid, thoroughly readable introduction to the Workers Party, whose continued strength is one of the most encouraging political developments in the Western Hemisphere these days. Co-author Emir Sader is a Brazilian academic, a professor of sociology at the University of São Paulo who is also a senior adviser to the Workers Party. Ken Silverstein is an American journalist who has worked for, among other publications, *The Nation*, and who has spent the last three years in Rio de Janeiro reporting for the Associated Press.

Their collaboration is smooth and fruitful. The book (it takes its title from the Workers Party's reassuring slogan during the 1989 presidential campaign) comprehensively describes the origins of the party, explaining why it represented such a break with Latin American left-wing tradition. It moves on to a concise, informal intellectual history of how the party developed its program of democratic socialism, which was debated at the grass-roots level in meeting after meeting.

The book is also a spirited and exciting account of events that were underreported in the United States. The colorful, dramatic description of Lula's underdog race for the presidency is particularly well done. In the first round, the cash-strapped party got an unexpected boost when one of its elected officials won a lottery jackpot; he promptly donated $100,000 to the campaign. It is a moving story, as in the account of how a rubber tapper named Elizeu Rodrigues de Almeida trekked to vote. (The great Amazonian ecologist-labor leader Chico Mendes, also a rubber tapper, was a local Workers Party leader until he was assassinated in December 1988.) De Almeida walked for two days through the rain forest, then hitched a ride on a boat for another six days until he reached a polling station in the city of Rio Blanco, where he could cast his ballot for Lula.

*James North is writing a book about the impact of the world debt crisis on ordinary people, both North and South.*

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Sader and Silverstein are not romantics, though. They explain how Brazil's pattern of economic and social development made the Workers Party possible and at the same time put huge obstacles in its path to political power. The series of generals who ruled since 1964 had opened Brazil to foreign capital and repressed the working class. In a smaller country, these policies might simply have deepened the dependence on one or a few basic exports and further enriched an oligarchy and a relatively small middle class. "Free market" Chile is a good example.

Brazil, however, has an incredible array of natural resources and a large internal market; the population has reached 155 million. It therefore had the necessary conditions for what has come to be called "dependent development"; the foreign investment and loans helped stimulate a genuine growth in integrated manufacturing for domestic (or regional) consumption. By 1980, Brazil had the capacity to produce 1.2 million motor vehicles a year. In the south, principally around the burgeoning city of São Paulo, the large, skilled work force such modern industries need had come into existence.

*Even if the Workers Party unites the poor majority, huge obstacles remain.*

At the same time, Sader and Silverstein explain that the rural areas remain semifeudal. Backward landlords still hire *pistoleiros* to thwart any efforts at the agrarian reform that could increase agricultural productivity and provide the rural poor with enough of a livelihood to stay on the land. Instead, unable to survive as poorly paid landless laborers, they flock to the cities (just as Lula's own family did in the 1950s). The modern industrial sector, although large in contrast with other Third World nations, is still too small to absorb all of them. So they jam into the infamous hillside slums called *favelas*.

Brazil has evolved into an extraordinarily unequal society, one of the most unfair in the entire world. The upper 20 percent of the population receives 66.6 percent of the national income, while the bottom 60 percent gets only 16.4 percent. (By contrast, in First World Belgium the top gets 36 percent and the bottom 40.2 percent.)

Yet, Sader and Silverstein explain, poverty has not created automatic solidarity. The poor majority is divided roughly into three groups. First, there is the modern working class, out of which the Workers Party originated. Second, the disorganized masses of urban poor who scrape by in marginal jobs, like street vending; they tend to support old-line personalist, populist demagogues like Leonel Brizola, the governor of Rio de Janeiro State. Third, the rural poor, many of whom, out of some combination of fear and misplaced sense of obligation toward their landlords, continue to support the right.

In such a setting, a trade union movement might have cautiously turned inward, protecting its own members and consolidating their position as aristocrats of labor. It is a measure of the integrity of Lula and the Workers Party that it has refused that course, organizing in the slums (in Rio de Janeiro, one of its most dynamic leaders is Beneditta da Silva, the first black woman ever elected to Parliament) and out in the dangerous countryside, where since 1964, as Americas Watch has reported, the property owners and their allies have murdered more than 1,500 people in the struggle for land.

But even if the party continues to unite the poor majority, huge obstacles remain. Brazil is a TV-mad society—some estimates say the average Brazilian watches more hours daily than the average American. The authors argue persuasively that the powerful, right-wing Globo network blatantly slanted its coverage during the final days of the 1989 presidential campaign, helping to deny victory to Lula.

There is also the problem of great expectations from within the Workers Party itself. The party has elected several mayors, including a remarkable teacher and social worker named Luiza Erundina in the largest city, São Paulo. Erundina found herself facing demands from organized municipal workers who had been among her strongest supporters. In a frank interview that forms the appendix to the book, Lula says that in places where it wins local elections, the party should select "the most sectarian militants" for administrative posts, "so that they become aware that we aren't always capable of doing what we demand of others."

Despite these obstacles, the authors say, the Workers Party is a major and growing force in Brazilian life. The collapse of "socialism" in Eastern Europe did not cause it the least discomfiture. Poland's Solidarity had been an early model. One of the Workers Party's most influential deputies,


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José Genoino, has called for free elections in Cuba; Lula's own view, substantiated during more than a decade in the public eye, is: "I don't want to be the owner of the truth. I want to place my ideas in debate, so that society and principally the working class can decide what it wants."

It is a little hard to reconcile the Workers Party's success with the conventional wisdom in the West—which is that Latin America is recovering economically due to "free market" policies and that "socialism" is dead. Recent continentwide surveys in the mainstream press tout (and distort) economic progress in places like Chile and Argentina, skipping over Brazil in a terse sentence or two as if it were a little nation the size of Paraguay.

But Brazil contains more than half the population of South America. In 1991 its economy shrank for the second straight year; inflation churns along at 20 percent a month; President Fernando Collor's popularity has dropped so far and so fast that it has left his supporters in the Western press speechless. As Lula and the Workers Party plan another run for the presidency, it is safe to say that none of the brokers at the Rio de Janeiro stock exchange are talking about the death of socialism. □

WHITE
(Château de la Motte)

Outside my window in a tower
at the entrance to
a seventeenth-century château
a magnolia tree, reaching to
the tower's slant roof, stands
against the rough stonewall—
the dark between the tree's dark-green leaves
against the timeworn surface of
the onetime whitewashed wall.
In the window of a loft below an
identical tower's roof across,
white doves sit on the ledge
or fly off—for an instant
whiteness fluttering against
the immense linden that rise between
the tower and the fields beyond.

In the magnolia tree some blossoms
have opened up, at first upward like
slender lamps, later outward like
bulging candles—a waxen paleness,
a whiteness of the doves against
the linden. At night, when the doves have
withdrawn into the loft behind the ledge,
their wings closed and heads indrawn,
it is the magnolia blossoms that shine,
a white that is the same as of
the doves fluttering as though
they had altered their abode
and in their sleep were standing in
and lighting the magnolia tree,
the sleeping doves as shining bulbs
adding fragrant whiteness
to the lustrous night:
evidence of white,
white fluttering like the rapid beat of time;
evidence of ghostly colorlessness
distressing until the very fact of evidence
is comforting—such flutterings of white
continuing on and on, and undisturbed
by time, by form, by day, by night.

*Arthur Gregor*

# ART.

## ARTHUR C. DANTO

### Hendrick Goltzius and Mannerism

Art is the currency of international trust; as nothing in the world is at once more rare and more vulnerable than a painting, no greater sign can be imagined through which the civility of an alien nation is acknowledged than allowing it to host the rarest and most vulnerable paintings in one's possession. It was not so terribly long ago that the superpowers, snarling and lashing their tails like otherwise inarticulate monsters, communicated primarily in the chill language of underground nuclear testing, and the first tentative signs of a more amiable political disposition resided in the discourse of exchanged Impressionist exhibitions. It must have been in order to give the overworked Monets and Manets a sabbatical that the Russians once sent some Dutch and Flemish paintings from the Hermitage on an ambassadorial mission in 1988, though it will be universally acknowledged that Gerrit van Honthorst's *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane*—or a self-portrait by Samuel van Hoogstraten—hardly carries the rhetorical charge of ceremonial amity that the meanest Impressionist Norman beachscape spontaneously transmits. And by 1988, it was no longer true that the mere fact that some paintings had been sent us by the Russians conferred upon them an instant aura. I remember the Dutch and Flemish show for two works, a painting of a magisterial hound by Paulus Potter, and the strangest painting I think I have ever seen, a baptism of Christ by Joachim Wtewael. I date my love for Dutch Mannerist painting from that unexpected encounter with strangeness, and though to my knowledge only two museums in this country possess a work by this curious master, it is for the Wtewael that I resolutely head whenever I visit them, whatever their other glories. (The "W," I have been instructed, is pronounced the way "ue" is in the French word "*rue*"—so "uetevahl" will give us a reasonably phonetic representation of this artist's name as uttered in Utrecht, where he made his career.) Mannerism as a movement more or less ended—I would like to say culminated—in Wtewael, but in the discourse of exchanged artworks, he must be counted pretty much as scrap-

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ing the bottom of the barrel. There is nothing to speak of devoted to him in English, save a valuable but unpublished dissertation done at Columbia University by Ann Lowenthal.

Like most names of artistic movements, Mannerism was conferred by someone outside and hostile to the art produced. The term was snide in 1672, in the writing of Giovanni Pietro Bellori, whose views are canonical in the history of the Baroque, the movement that succeeded and superseded Mannerism as the international European style. It remains a useful pejorative for critics: Barbara Rose, in conversation with me, once dismissed something like 60 percent of living artists as "mannerist," which in her usage connotes inauthenticity. Authenticity, designating art as coming from the guts with the urgency that things coming from the guts frequently have, is an artifact of Romanticist aesthetics. Bellori perhaps meant the term to indicate artifice as against the "natural" or the "real," so "mannered" would be the kind of appearance that contrasts with the Natural Look in the language of cosmetics, which, applied to art, captures the meaning of *maniera* perfectly. Mannerists flaunted artifice in the century of their dominance (from about 1520 until 1620), as well as elegance, exaggeration, virtuosity, grace, willfulness, sophistication, preciosity, affectation and caprice—all the things late Romantics despise. I suppose the term "camp," rendered mainstream in the famous essay by Susan Sontag, captures a substantial subsegment of Mannerist attributes. Irving Penn's 1950 photograph of his wife, Lisa Fonssagrives, in a Lafleurie dress, illustrates precisely what the human and especially the female body should look like under Mannerist criteria: She seems a product of Eve and serpent, spectacularly attenuated and tall, and wearing a smirk of metaphysical contentment that in her fortunate case swank has triumphed over physiological possibility. The *Vogue* model of Penn's prime was sufficiently a Mannerist paradigm that when we realize how many painters of the sixteenth century were painting elongated and skinny figures, the temptation to explain El Greco as having painted the way he did through a particular astigmatism should completely wane: He painted in the *maniera* of Mannerism.

The scholar Arnold Hauser identifies Mannerism's beginnings with a painting by Raphael called *Fire in the Borgo*, which reverses the convention of foregrounding the most important figure and making it larger and more central than the remaining figures. In Raphael's painting, the chief figure is the Pope, who, standing in the far distance across an immense piazza, extinguishes a fire with a pontifical gesture. His power is inversely proportional to his size in the painting. The largest figures are proportionally the most impotent: The foreground is occupied by large and athletic nudes endeavoring to climb a wall that, from its looks, they could just walk around. Mannerism, however, was always a strategy of reversals and surprising interchanges: Michelangelo, in his design for the Laurentian Library, buttressed the door frame, which in any case needed no buttressing, with immense volutes, whose proper architectural function was in holding up the cornice of a building: They have no business on the floor. But the placement of the narratively central figure in some inconsequential sector of the pictorial space became a Mannerist mannerism. The "Old Masters" Auden says were never wrong about suffering, in his great poem "Musée des Beaux Arts," had to have been Mannerists. The central figure in Bruegel's *Fall of Icarus* is a barely discernible dab of white paint, easy to overlook. In the same artist's painting in Vienna of the *Conversion of St. Paul*, what occupies the foreground and takes up most of the space are the hindquarters of an inconsequential horse, mounted by a figure of no importance to the event, which takes place far up the line of horsemen, in the middle distance. It remains an art-historical problem to locate the bridegroom in Bruegel's *Peasant Wedding* (can he have gone off for a pee?).

*One should recognize that the Mannerist sensibility is precisely Shakespeare's.*

The dominating figure, visually, in Wtewael's *The Baptism of Christ* is a typical mercenary soldier of the sixteenth century, dressed in extravagantly slashed silks, with feathers in his improbable hat. He appears to be dancing, or has been stopped in the act of dancing by a drummer on the ground, who has grabbed one of his feet, perhaps because dancing is not suitable to so awesome an occasion. A half reclining figure, his back to us, is stripping off his shirt, preparing perhaps for his own baptism. At the far left stands an Oriental figure in turban and scarlet robes, to suggest the Holy Land. John the Baptist, in the middle distance, is enthusiastically dousing Jesus, who looks pale and pudgy. All sorts of figures in Flemish garb lounge along the banks or are shown climbing trees, and the sky is filled with angels. A Roman ruin stands in severe perspective against what looks like a typical Flemish tavern. It is as though the distinctions between past and future, Flanders and Canaan, Jesus and the man next door, have been obliterated or fused. In Wtewael's *Saint Sebastian* at the Nelson-Atkins Museum in Kansas City, the tender martyr is being winged at with a crossbow in the hands of an elaborately ribboned mercenary of the sixteenth century. Wtewael's opulent *Marriage of Peleus and Thetis* (at the Rhode Island School of Design) records the last time the gods sat down to table with humans, and it is quite beyond description. Wtewael's paintings are so filled with wild contrivance, operatic gesture and historical incoherences, painted with the glassy luminosity of fused enamel, that one feels one can almost infer the mentality of the audience that received them with pleasure. It was doubtless an urbane and possibly a courtly audience, but one must remember that Wtewael and Shakespeare were almost exact contemporaries, and the Shakespearean world of mad coincidences and magical affinities delighted a very popular audience. It helps, in learning to appreciate Mannerist painting, to recognize that the Mannerist sensibility is precisely Shakespeare's.

In any case, I was so excited when I learned that the Philadelphia Museum of Art had acquired a masterpiece of Dutch Mannerism—a rare and eccentric work by Hendrick Goltzius, also an almost exact contemporary of Wtewael—that I put everything aside in order to travel to see it and the show that the museum organized to give the work a context. It is entitled *Without Ceres and Bacchus, Venus Would Freeze*, and it is in a medium Goltzius made his own if not invented, namely an ink drawing on primed canvas. The choice of canvas may have been dictated by the fact that paper did not come in sheets sufficiently large to accommodate his graphic ambitions. It is carefully designated as a "pen work" by the show's curator, Lawrence W. Nichols, to indicate that it is something

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more than a drawing in pen and ink. It is quite large—41⅜ inches by 31½ inches—and the combination of scale and technique could not be more Mannerist in spirit. It was clearly intended to amaze as a kind of wonderwork, and to belong through natural affinities with the other wonders in the *Wunderkammer* of Rudolph II, the most energetic collector of his age. Goltzius did a number of pen works on the same theme, including one in which the figures are nearly life-size which has been lent by the Hermitage for the Philadelphia show. The show, which illuminates Goltzius's impulses and achievements, will close in Philadelphia on February 2, but *Without Ceres and Bacchus, Venus Would Freeze* will remain on permanent display and is sufficiently astonishing in its own right to merit the trip. So many of the great works that have come onto the market in recent years have gone into private hands that it is a matter for celebration that so great a work should have been acquired by a public museum. (The Philadelphia's unparalleled gallery of Duchamps comes as close to a *Wunderkammer* as may be wanted for the Goltzius to feel at home as well.)

The title of the work sounds like a humanist's paraphrase of some gutsy Dutch saying into the idiom of mythology—the kind of riposte a down-to-earth Amsterdamer might make to the claim that man does not live by bread alone or, in case there were peaceniks abroad in the lowlands, that all you need is love. "Love needs bread and wine in order to burn" is something we can imagine a tubby cavalier saying to his amply proportioned companion as they wave goblets in each other's direction over the plate of oysters and the roast pig, preparatory to climbing through the bedcurtains. (Only a few years later, styles shifted, and the Dutch, through some cultural decision it would be interesting to understand, wanted themselves depicted as ruddy and fleshy, as if they had spent their lives stoking the fires of love.) In fact, the title comes from a line in a Roman comedy of 161 B.C. by Terence—*Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus*—where it is implied that it was an adage even then. In the sixteenth century, it gave artists a theme in which they could show three agreeable deities, one of them emblematically naked, and find a way of conjoining Venus with flames, making possible a sort of lubricious association we find later in some naughty erotica of Fragonard. The Philadelphia Goltzius shows a half reclining Venus, still half asleep, being peered at by a horned Bacchus and an androgynous Ceres, each bearing fruit. She is indolently fondling the wing of a mischievous Cupid, who looks out toward us and holds his bow behind his back as he raises a flaming torch with his right hand. It casts a ruddy glow over the figures, and especially over Venus's face and lank torso. What is astonishing in the way the color is applied is that Venus gives the appearance of thawing, of turning from ice to fire before our eyes.

## SCHOOL-YARD

What is more silent than a school-yard
holding only one girl, her dog, and two boys
who hide as she swings high as she can,
hard as she can push away from the soft
ground on a gray day, a Sunday,

while a mother begins Lemon Chicken,
as a father eases his clean car into place,
while a sister rolls her hair over cans,
as brothers smoke reefer and listen
wistfully to Puff the Magic Dragon.

Silent, this girl in her favorite sweater,
the red one. Indeed, a child who rarely
speaks. Is there something wrong with her?
Some say she's too close to her mother,
and she's frightened of her father.

She's the baby of the family. So how is it
she's alone in the school-yard? But why
shouldn't she be alone? And isn't she always
alone? For girls are alone in their silence,
wrapped in the silence of their cocoons,

twirling in the front yard, fantasizing,
or hidden behind their mothers, sipping
sugary coffee, listening to who's done what
to whom, discovering: Mrs. Crawford's not
so happy. Mrs. Crawford's husband's boring.

What can happen more slowly and more silently
than two boys stopping a girl as she moves
in her cocoon, in her red sweater, her dog
beside her. Their words are hushed, too close,
and too far away, a new system of symbols,

the world swerving to a new kind of time
with minutes made of pulses as one boy
opens his shirt and pulls out a long knife.
He asks, has she ever seen such a long knife.
She answers, yes, she's seen her father's swords.

With the raising of blades,
the boys know they can say anything,
so one of them threatens to run her dog
through, the other whispers, "I love you,"
as he unbuttons her pants to touch her inside.

And they become a tableau:
the small dog watching anxiously, the thin boy
with his head turned away—a look-out or ashamed?
The other pressing the girl into a wall as she gazes
beyond this unfolding scene, years of silence,

of silently playing, helping her not to regard
what is happening, until the spell breaks,
the boys run, and she too runs, her dog in her arms.
She is a heroine after all: she has saved Junior's life.
She tells him so: speaking, speaking, speaking.

At home, her mother pours her water and wants to know,
did he bounce up and down on her. That's what
she asks: "Did he bounce up and down?" Her brothers
rush out, ready to fight any number of knives,
her sister cries about bad reputations,

and her father asks a single question:
"Why didn't you scream?" For years, she will worry,
"Why didn't I scream?" Though no one will speak
again of silence, of a girl in a red sweater, alone
in the school-yard, on a gray day, a Sunday.

*Cathleen Calbert*

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Ceres and Bacchus have brought the fuel Venus needs to flame forth in love. I will return to my description after discussing the execution of the work—without ink and pigment, art freezes.

An ink drawing on primed canvas, especially on a large canvas, was an unusual enough medium at the time that it seemed to involve an almost superhuman virtuosity. In part this was because the extremely intricate drawing was done freehand, and in part because it was believed irrevocable: The slightest mistake and all was ruined. There was no room for erasure, or painting over, but only a single sustained act of assured penmanship across a considerable surface. There are four large figures, each with elaborate coiffures and vibrant facial expressions, and a great deal of foliage, as well as fruit, fabric, smoke and flame. But the wonder does not stop there: The ink line looks like an *engraved* line, so that the painting as a whole has the look of an ambitious print. If one understood why an artist would wish to disguise the freely executing line of the pen as if it were mechanically inscribed with an engraver's tool, there would be little more to Mannerism to understand. It was a style Goltzius used over and over: There is a virtuoso drawing of a right hand (perhaps his own) in the Philadelphia exhibition, with the regularly parallel hatched and dotted lines of an engraving. My sense is that one explanation for the pen line's simulating an engraved line is to make the drawing seem even more confident, since the correction of a system of cross-hatching would be especially difficult, all the more so if the lines go uniformly from thin to thick to thin again, as when the burin responds to the engraver's pressure. Note that the free and brushy style of a Rembrandt drawing does not invite the thought that one mistake and all is ruined: Rembrandt just left his mistakes intact, or brushed over them. Goltzius's was a specifically ornamental and patterned form of drawing. (It would have been even more Mannerist, I suppose, had he used the brush to emulate the drawn line emulating the engraved line.) It might also, though I am uncertain to what degree this could have been a factor in the era, have served as a protection against counterfeiting, the way an engraver's flourishes on a banknote are supposed to do. But in addition to the drawing there is painting on the canvas, and it becomes a challenge to the eye to determine where drawing stops and painting begins. There are various oranges, yellows and reds—flame colors—differing in intensity as a function of the proximity of the surface to the flame of Cupid's torch. The flame itself, rising in sinuous curves up the right edge of the canvas, is pure virtuosity. For example, we can see the shoulder of Ceres's garment through the flame. The work really is a wonder, and has the kind of magic that reinforces its affinity with the company of strange objects in the *Wunderkammer*. (The art museum as such had not yet been invented.)

*Each of the substances drawn represents a miracle and an artistic joy.*

Having fully savored the great craft and power of Goltzius's hand, the *eruditi* of Rudolph's court would strive to interpret the work, a task I am certain is quite beyond us today. Here is only the most superficial level in a stratified reading. Venus has lain frozen (in the fashion, we might say, of a reptile, which has no body heat of its own and is dependent upon external sources for a body temperature that enables it to be active). Bacchus and Ceres are here to arouse her, and their faces are merry as they offer restorative nourishment. Venus's eyelids are still half closed, but she is awake enough to touch Ceres's shoulder, as if to lower her dress, and to fondle Cupid's downy wing: She is already her sensuous self. Cupid is looking over his shoulder for a suitable victim to shoot his arrow into, once Venus is warm enough for him to put the torch down and take up his bow behind him: Venus will need a lover when her temperature reaches normal. But what is the next level of interpretation? And what the level below that? Art in the Rudolphine precinct has a Rosicrucian complexity of secret meanings within secret meanings. In the St. Petersburg version, Venus is fully awake and is making eyes at Bacchus, who teases her with grapes while naked Ceres lolls against his knee. Goltzius has drawn his own portrait in this pen work, as if to attest to the veracity of what else he has drawn, since his immediate patron will know what he looks like, and can thus check the drawing against reality. The Philadelphia work strikes me as the superior, not so much because of the naturalness of the expressions—what has naturalness to do with Mannerism?—but because of the luminosity, the dazzlement, the compactness of interlocking gesture. Because so many of the works in the show are smaller drawings or engravings, you can get a pretty good idea of things by getting hold of the Winter 1992 issue of the *Bulletin of*

THE BALLOONS

Those get-well balloons
dumb bottle-nosed
bubbles
weighted by ribbons and stones
or tied to baskets of fruit,
brainless, bred
for cheerful longevity.
They take over the room,
absorb the light.

They outlive you.

Tugged free,
bobbing the ceiling
or sifting lazily down
to snag on stiff
begonias and violets,
they are circles of blustery
bravado
blurting out
their rainbowed *don't worry*,
their daffodil charm,
chummy waltzers
do-si-do-ing
in the bright squares
of picture windows.

They outlive you,
their secret task
surveillance,
to catch the sun,
expose the rings
beneath our eyes

till come week three
on the sly at night
I knife them
one by one
with an ordinary
kitchen knife
let go
the quick burble of helium
the skittish collapse
of mylar, tin-foil flat, crumpled,
bagged.

No more consolations.
No more
the dumb bright eyes
of their useless god.

*Deborah Tall*

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*the Philadelphia Museum of Art*, where everything is illustrated and much is explained and analyzed in Nichols's fine essay, which takes up the entire magazine. But it is simply impossible to form an adequate idea of *Without Ceres and Bacchus, Venus Would Freeze*. For that you have to experience the work itself and respond to its cunning and craftiness. Each of the substances drawn—hair, wing-feathers, flesh, pearls, fire—is a miracle of drawing and an artistic joy, however little you may know of the circumstances of so curious a work. But neither can you experience it without then wanting to know those circumstances. Just as Shakespeare says about another transformation, nothing in ink and pigment but "doth suffer a sea-change/Into something rich and strange."

The Hood Museum of Art at Dartmouth College has organized an exhibition I'm not sure I will be able to see but which will have venues this year in Houston, Raleigh and Atlanta and is called "The Age of the Marvelous." It undertakes to reconstruct a *Wunderkammer*, with volumes of that kind of lore Prospero so cherished, as well as optical illusions, stuffed birds, statuettes, objects of *virtù* and geological specimens. I should imagine there would be the obligatory narwhal horn, as well as the mandrake root, an ostrich egg, perhaps a coconut, that most mysterious of fruits in sixteenth-century eyes. In an engraving from the catalogue, reproduced in the only account I have seen of the Age of the Marvelous, we see an interior with a half round vault from which are hung all sorts of strange creatures, including a mummified or stuffed crocodile, upside down. Some gentlemen, wearing costumes of the sort we see in Wtewael, point in amazement at various curiosities. It is the sort of ambience for which Goltzius's masterpiece was conceived, and upon which it drew for its magic and to which it returned a magic of its own. It was never meant for the disinterested aesthetic gaze. To experience the work properly requires us to think of it less as a work of art with affinities to other works of art than as a marvel with affinities to other marvels, artificial and natural and supernatural. □

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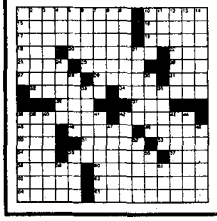

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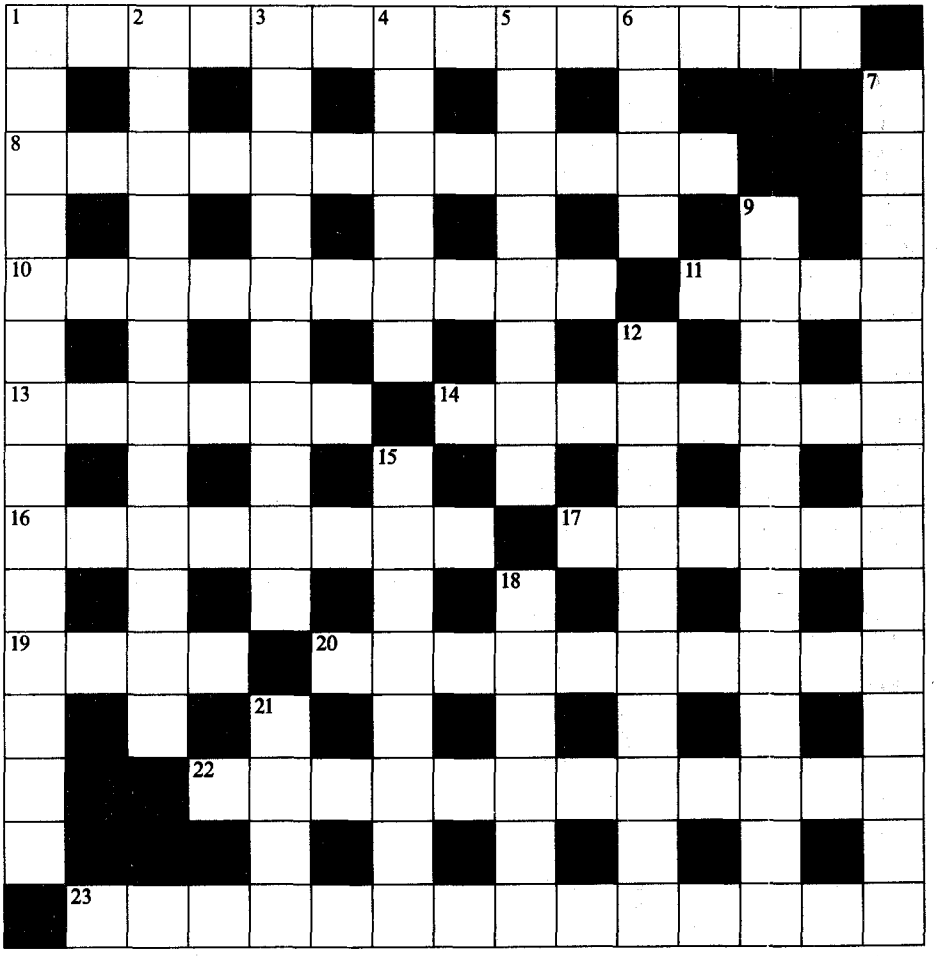
# Crossword Puzzle No. 2369

FRANK W. LEWIS



### ACROSS

1 and 13 Good for nothing in addition? That's what the saying implies! (6,2,3,3,6)
8 It doesn't mean to enter for one's whipping, as criminals might. (2,4,6)
10 Don't act on the clergy as they say it might be spread. (10)
11 Droop it might with no breeze. (4)
13 See 1 across
14 The kind of punch associated with good looks? (5-3)
16 One might say in doing it, "I'll buy that!" (8)
17 Far from an opener, and yet even more handy. (6)
19 One on the market shouldn't sell, but unfortunately it's sometimes oversold. (4)
20 She lost her head, because her cousin didn't think much of the plot. (4,6)
22 One could hardly miss this disguised agent around 17! (2,5,5)
23 At least one dies laughing, if one does. (5,4,5)

### DOWN

1 No animal, but hopefully plenty of mineral in it. (10,4)
2 Possibly raw to bruin, to find what most of us prefer cooked, (7,5)
3 It's reputedly a bad spot to be unpaddled! (2,3,5)
4 It's worse when smokers do in hearty fashion, as they say. (6)
5 Composing what sounds like making an accusation? (8)
6 One doesn't stay on top of things if one does in the kitchen, probably. (4)
7 Either of the siblings could be called something that sounds like "Mister Right"! (6,8)
9 The sort of blonde said to make a description of Lady M's spot. (12)
12 Those that make such might be chiselers . . . (10)
15 . . . while this is smaller, in depth, and along it I sort things out. (8)
18 The middle name of the poet, taken from "The Abyss Here." (6)
21 In college tuition, the case is not large. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

### PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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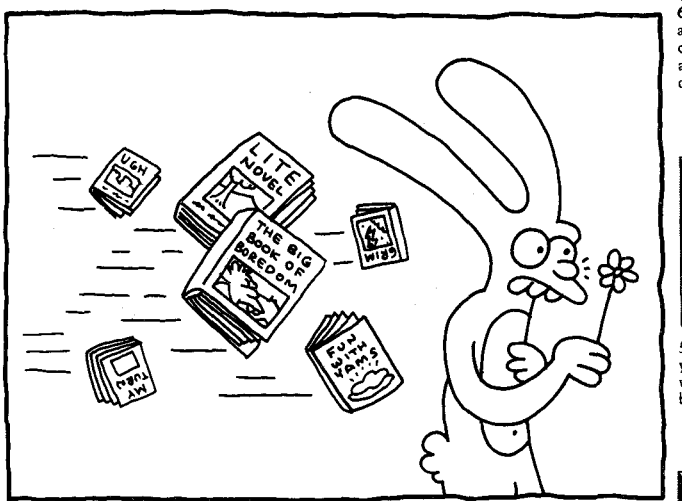

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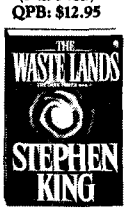


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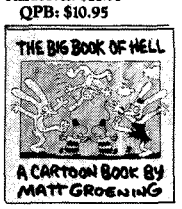


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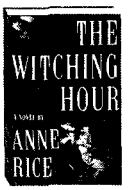


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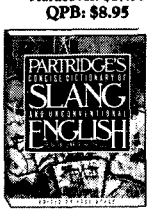


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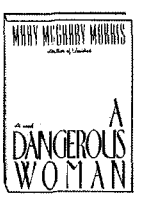


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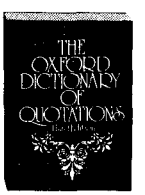


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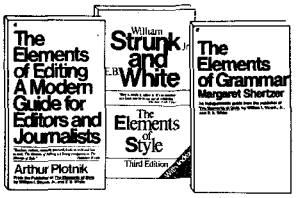
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